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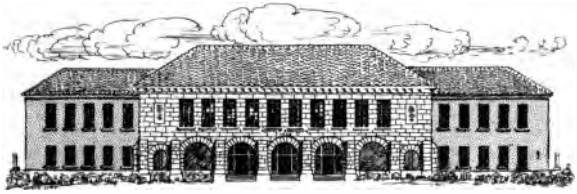

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THE CHILDREN'S

SECOND READER

COMPILED BY THE STATE TEXT-BOOK COMMITTEE

AND

APPROVED BY THE STATE BOARD OF EDUCATION

Cyr

SACRAMENTO

W. W. SHANNON, SUPERINTENDENT STATE PRINTING

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PREFACE.

If "Heaven lies about us in our infancy" the realm of poetry cannot be far distant. It is a significant, as well as a beautiful fact, that our poets have been so noble and true that we are glad to have the children learn of them. They have manifested, too, such a love of innocence and childhood in their home lives, that the little ones who never have had the privilege of looking into their faces may yet understand this beautiful relationship, and so, being drawn closer to their lives, appreciate and love their poems.

In introducing the poets Longfellow and Whittier into the following pages the author has not undertaken any comprehensive account of their lives; but the purpose has been to picture them to the children in such a way as to make them real personages, and also to lead up to such of their poems as appeal to the little ones.

There is generally a period in childhood when life seems very real and prosaic. The make-believe plays are discarded, fancies are ridiculed, and flights of imagination are looked upon with scorn. While it is of the greatest importance that the practical side of life should open before them, and that they should look duty and responsibility squarely in the face, the imagination should be carefully cherished, for it is a God-given faculty and plays an important part in every life.

For this reason, let true poetry, with its choice language, be presented to the little child, explaining such words as lie outside his vocabulary, and fostering the power to see

> "books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

The poems of Longfellow and Whittier are introduced by permission and arrangement with Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and are intended to be read by the teacher to the children, so that the thought may not be marred through mechanical effort and lack of interpretation.

After this rendering, when the class seem to have caught the spirit of the poem, they may read it silently, and perhaps some poems may be read aloud by the children; but never allow the beauty of thought to be carelessly dealt with by the little ones.

The other stories are closely allied to Nature-work and child-life, as it has been judged wise not to confine the lessons in a reading-book of this grade too closely to one line of thought.

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THE

CHILDREN'S SECOND READER.

LONGFELLOW'S BIRTHPLACE.

Fĕb′ rụ ạ̄ rў	Pōrt′ la̯nd	eyes (īz)	*yo*ūth
whĭs′ pẽr*e*d	thô*ugh*ts	Mā*i*n*e*	bôrn

There is an old house in the city of Portland, Maine.

A little baby was born in that house.

He was born in February, in 1807.

His name was Henry W. Longfellow.

He had bright blue eyes and soft hair.

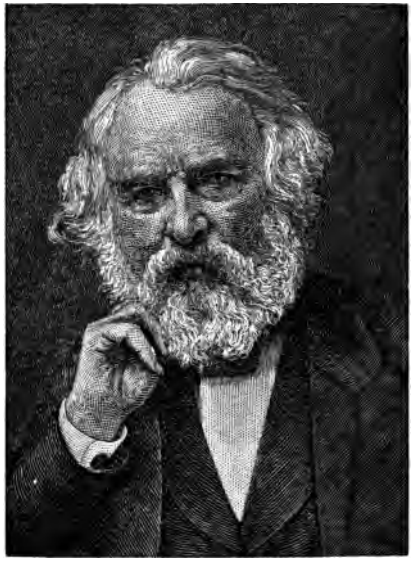
The house was very near the sea.
Henry liked to watch the ships as they sailed away.
He was a very happy boy.
He liked to play with other boys.
He was full of life and fun.
He was kind and true.
He loved the birds and flowers.
The birds sang sweet songs to him.
The wind whispered beautiful thoughts to him.
He says this of his Portland home:

"Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me."

Read "My Lost Youth" to the class.

It is going up into my leaves.
My leaves are drinking in air.
Let me tell you a secret.
I have some little buds.
I am keeping them very safe and warm.
They are growing larger every day.
Some beautiful morning they will be blossoms.

Wake up, my little seeds, and leave your tiny shell.
I am watching for you, for I love you well.
You have two pretty leaves, all ready to grow,
Just let them see the sun — they'll creep out, I know.



MR. LONGFELLOW.

ō′ cean (sh)	coŭn′ trĭeş	Cŏl′ lĕġe
Bōw′ doin	hăp′ pĭ ẽr	bĕt′ tẽr
Här′ vard	Cām′ brĭdġe	heärt
ȧft′ ẽr wards (ẽ)	ġĕn′ tle man	pō′ ĕt

This is a picture of Mr. Longfellow. He was the boy who lived near the sea.

He is an old gentleman in this picture.
He still loved the birds and flowers.
His heart was always kind.
He was a poet.
A poet has beautiful thoughts.
He writes them for others to read.
His thoughts make people better.
When he was a boy he went to school.
Then he went to Bowdoin College.
Bowdoin College is in Maine.
He then went across the ocean.
He spent four years in other countries.
When he came back he was a teacher in Bowdoin College.
He lived afterwards in Cambridge, Massachusetts.
He went there to teach in Harvard College.

THE FROST PICTURES.

lām*e*	blăn̲′ kĕt	voiç′ ĕs̲
ăt′ tĭc	clōs̲*e*d	fẽrns̲
lōn*e*′ lȳ	Ăl̆ps	moun′ t*a*ĭns̲

Carl was a little lame boy.

He lived in an attic with his mother.

His father was dead, and his mother went out to do sewing.

Poor little Carl was left all alone a great many times.

He used to look out of the window and watch the boys at play.

It was not so lonely when they were there.

In the summer time he could hear their voices.

Sometimes they would call to him.

When it was cold he had to keep the window closed.

When the winter came, it was too cold to stay near the window.

Carl's mother could not buy much coal and wood, for she was poor.

She used to put a blanket around her little boy and make as bright a fire as she could.

The windows were sometimes white with frost.

Carl called them his picture-books.

Every night his mother washed off the frost.

Every morning Carl looked to see what Jack Frost had made for him.

When his mother came home, he used to tell her what he had seen.

Then she told him many stories about the pictures.

"I saw some beautiful ferns to-day, mamma," he would say.

Then she would tell him of a wood where she played when she was a little girl.

"There were great beds of ferns in it," she said.

"One day I found a little bird's nest among them."

"There were some mountains and a little bridge on the window to-day," said Carl.

Then she told him of the beautiful Alps, and the people who lived among them.

Sometimes he would tell her stories.

His stories were about the snow fairies.
"They try to make my room warm by covering the window-pane," he said.
"I saw one to-day with a crown of white stars upon her head.
A ray of sunshine kissed her and took her away."

---

sound à lōne′ rule

O sometimes plays that he is *ŭ*.
He can make a sound like short *u* when he is alone.
When he has another *o* with him it makes *u* as in "rule."
Isn't he a funny letter?
Some children think that he is *ŭ*.
Do not let him catch you.
If your eyes are bright, he will not.

When you see a little dot over his head, look out for him.

Call him short *u*, but write him *o*.

That is the way.

He doesn't wear the dot always, so I will show you some of the words where he hides.

lȯve	sȯn	tȯn	dȯne
dȯve	cȯme	nȯne	frȯnt
abȯve	sȯme	mȯnth	spȯnge
glȯve	dȯes	shȯve	mȯnk

In these words the *o*'s are like *u̇*:

sōōn	nōōn	rōōf	mōōn
cōōn	spōōn	tōōth	cōōl
lōōn	fōōd	schōōl	gōōse

THE LONGFELLOW HOUSE.

plĕ*a*ş' ạnt	Wạ̈sh' ĭng tȯn	G*e*ôrġ*e*
stŭd' ў	Măss ȧ chū' sĕt*t*s	pō' ĕmş
bro*o*ạ̈d	lạ̈*w*n	bē yŏnd'

Isn't this a pleasant house?

This was Mr. Longfellow's house in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

He came here first when he began to teach in Harvard College.
He lived here for many years.
It is a very old house.
George Washington once lived here.
Mr. Longfellow's study was at the right of the door.
He wrote many of his poems there.
A large lawn is in front of the house.
The grass is very soft and green.
There are old elm trees growing upon the lawn.
I wish these trees could talk.
They could tell us many things.
In front of the house are broad fields.
Beyond these fields may be seen the Charles River.

Mr. Longfellow loved the river.

He loved to watch it from his window.

He loved to walk beside it.

It gave him beautiful thoughts.

Sometimes it made him sad.

At other times it would bring gladness to his heart.

He said that the river made him think of his friends.

Some of his friends lived beside it.

He had three dear friends who were named Charles.

Mr. Longfellow wrote a poem about the Charles River.

"I must give the river a song," he said, "for it gives me many thoughts."

Read "To the River Charles" to the class.

BESSIE AND THE FLOWERS.

găth′ẽr sēem wīld Bĕs′sĭe gōld çĕn′tẽrs

Bessie is a little country girl.

She plays out in the fields and in the woods.

She loves everything that lives there.

The birds and squirrels seem to know it.

They do not fly or run away from her.

They watch her with their bright eyes.

She knows where to find the flowers.

There are some wild roses not far from her home.

One day Bessie went to the woods to gather some for her mamma.

She picked as many as her hands could hold.

Then she sat down under a big tree to rest.

She looked up at the pretty white clouds.

"You are like white boats upon a blue sea," she thought.

"I wish I might sail along with you."

Then she looked down at the pretty blossoms in her lap.

They were pink, and their centers were as yellow as gold.

"You are beautiful," she said.

"Do you wish to stay here always, or are you glad to go with me?"

By and by Bessie fell fast asleep on the soft grass.

The wind blew a rose petal upon her cheek.

THE STORY OF ROSE-PETAL.

shŏŏk	sĭs′ tẽr	châ*ir*	sē′ pa͡l
ŭn fōld′ ĕd	câr*e*′ ful lĭ	rē*a*ch*e*d	pĕt′ a͡l
băn′ nẽrş	*w*ră*pp*ed	drē*a*m*e*d	gōld′ *e*n

This is what Bessie dreamed that the petal said:

"Shall I tell you about myself, little girl? My name is Rose-petal. I live here in the woods.

I have four sisters like myself.
I remember when I was very small.
My four sisters and I were wrapped in green coats.
By and by we began to peep out.
The sun seemed to call us, and we reached up to him.
I think he wished to see our beautiful golden center.
One day we unfolded in the sunlight.
We shook out our yellow banners.
The sun looked into our golden center.
The garden roses have no golden centers.
They have very many petals.
We love our golden center best.
Each of us rests upon a green chair.

We can spread our pink dresses upon them.

Look at my chair. You can see it easily now. Isn't it a pretty chair?

It is called a sepal.

I can never go back to it; but I can fly for a little while.

The wind whispered to me, and said, 'Do you wish to fly, Rose-petal?'

I said, 'Yes,' and it brought me to you.

I thought you would like to hear about me."

THE PARTS OF A FLOWER.

mē*a*n	cō̇ rŏl′ lȧ	cā′ lў̆x	năp
pûr′ pl*e*	pĭs′ tĭl	crown	stā′ mĕnş

Bessie's mamma came out to look for her little girl.

She found her waking from her nap.

She sat down beside her, and Bessie told her what she had dreamed.

"You have been thinking of our talk about flowers," said mamma.

"Please tell me about the wild rose," said Bessie.

"How beautiful these petals are!"

"The five petals form the corolla," said mamma.

"Find another flower and show me its corolla.

Here is a buttercup with a yellow corolla.

The violet has a purple corolla.

Now look at the sepals upon which the rose petals rest.

The five sepals taken together form the calyx.

The word calyx means a cup.

The word corolla means a little crown.

It was the calyx that covered the petals until they were ready to blossom.

What do you call the little yellow banners?

They are the stamens.

Here in the center are the pistils.

Some day we will talk about them.

We must take our flowers home and put them into water."

LONGFELLOW'S STUDY.

stâ*i*rs̱	därk	sûr prīs̱*e*′
rŭsh	crē*e*p	fä′ th*e*̃r

Mr. Longfellow's children were born in Cambridge.

He had three little girls and two boys.

They loved their father very dearly.

He loved them, and made them happy.

He used to write them little letters.
They liked to be with their father.
They would run into his study to see him and try to surprise him.
"It is growing dark," they would say.
"Papa cannot be writing now.
We will surprise him."
They would creep softly down the stairs.
They could peep in at their father.
Then they would rush into the room, and climb up on his chair.
They would climb into his lap and kiss him. How happy they were!
Mr. Longfellow wrote a poem about them.
He called it "The Children's Hour."

Read "The Children's Hour" to the class.

LONGFELLOW AND THE CHILDREN.

smīl*e* sŭn′ shīn*e* vĭs′ ĭt snō*w*
stō′ rĭe*s* wĭl′ lō*w* *w*rō*t*e clŏ*c*k

Mr. Longfellow loved all children.
They loved him, too.
He had a very kind face.
His eyes were as blue as the violets.
His hair was as white as the snow.
His smile was like the sunshine.
Many children came to visit him.
He would make them very happy.
They liked to talk with him.
They talked to him about their playthings and their homes.
Sometimes he let them come into his study.

They liked to see the old clock on the stairs.

He would tell them stories.

There was a big willow tree back of the garden.

He would take them out to see it.

He used to take them into his garden.

Sometimes he would pick some flowers for them.

He wrote a poem to the children.

He said that they were better than all the poems.

He said that the birds and sunshine were in their hearts.

I think he had sunshine in his heart.

How can you have it in yours?

Read the "Old Clock on the Stairs."

CHILDREN.

Come to me, O ye children!
  For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
  Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows
  That look towards the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows,
  And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the
    sunshine,
  In your thoughts the brooklet's flow;
But in mine is the wind of autumn
  And the first fall of the snow.

Ah, what would the world be to us
  If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
  Worse than the dark before.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklet's flow.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood,—

That to the world are children;
  Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate,
  Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!
  And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
  In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
  And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
  And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
  That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
  And all the rest are dead.

—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

THE RUNAWAY GEESE.

fŏl′ lō̇*w*	flŏ*c*k	Ĕl′ sȧ	lē*a*d′ ẽrs
rō*a*d	pĭl′ lō̇*w*	sī*gh*t	join*e*d
Häns	Kȧ trin*e*′ (ē)	stärt′ ĕd	plŭ*c*k

Old Mrs. Green lived all alone.

She had a flock of geese.

She loved her geese and took good care of them.

They had soft, white feathers.

In the summer time, they did not need so many feathers.

Mrs. Green would pluck them and sell the feathers.

People bought them to put into pillows.

The geese laid eggs, too, and Mrs. Green sold them.

This helped the old lady to make a living.

One day the geese ran away.

There was a hole in the fence.

When Mrs. Green came out to feed them, they were gone.

Poor old lady! She didn't know what to do.

She went to the gate and looked down the road.

There was not a goose in sight.

Little Hans and Katrine were playing in the next yard.

Mrs. Green asked them if they had seen her geese.

"I saw them," said Hans, "they were going to the pond."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" said Mrs. Green.

"Do you think they will come back?"

"We will go for them," said Katrine.

"Give us some corn and they will follow us."

So Mrs. Green filled their pockets with corn and they started for the pond.

Hans saw the geese as soon as they came in sight of the pond.

They were swimming about and having such a happy time.

Carl and Elsa Brinker were sitting upon the shore watching them.

Elsa had a doll made of straw.

"See Mrs. Green's geese," Elsa said, "they are having a swim."

Hans and Katrine began to call the geese, and threw some corn into the water.

Soon the geese came out of the pond.

"Don't give them all of the corn, Katrine," said Hans.

"Drop it along the road, and they will follow us."

Two of the largest geese started for home.

"Those are the leaders," said Hans, "the others will follow them."

The children joined hands and walked behind them, singing—

"Goosey, goosey, gander!
Whither do you wander?"

Mrs. Green was at the gate, watching for them.

She was very glad to see the geese coming home.

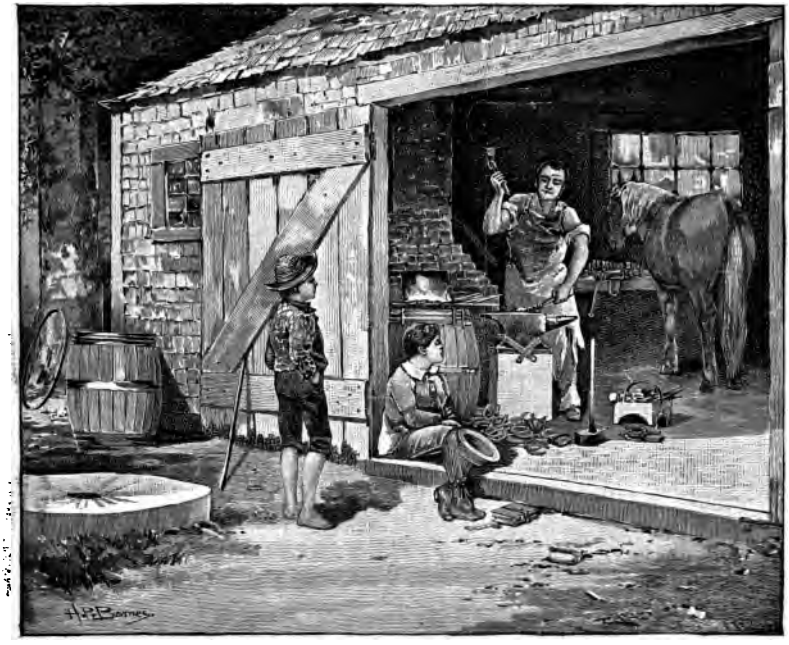
They walked into their pen, and Mrs. Green shut the gate.

Carl's father put a new board into the fence, so that they couldn't run away again.

"Poor geese!" said Elsa, "they had such a good time in the pond.
It is too bad that they can't go every day."
And the geese all said, "Th! th! th! We think so, too."

Let us play that we are geese, and say "th."

thĭn̲k	thĭn	thĭs′*tle*
thrō*w*	thĭ*c*k	thrōn*e*
thănk	th*i*ēf	thŭn′der
threw (ṳ)	thŭm*b*	thô*ugh*t
pȧth	clŏth	trṳth
tō̄oth	fōrth	*yo*ūth



THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

blăck′ smĭth	strīk*e*s	hăm′ mẽr
brȧnch′ ĕş	strŏng	chĕs*t*′ nŭt
hĕ*a*v′ ў	ăn′ vĭl	hē*a*ts
ī′ ron (ŭrn)	hōōf	nā*i*lş

Did you ever see a blacksmith?

A blacksmith works with iron.

He heats the iron until it is very hot.

It is soft when it is red hot.

He puts the iron upon an anvil and strikes it with his heavy hammer.

He must be a very strong man.

He can make many things of iron.

He makes shoes for the horses and nails them on their hoofs.

There was a blacksmith who lived in Cambridge.

Mr. Longfellow used to see him at work.

He liked to see him strike the hot iron, and to watch him as he made it into many things.

A large tree grew very near the blacksmith's shop.

It was a chestnut tree.

It had beautiful leaves and branches.

Mr. Longfellow wrote a poem about the blacksmith.

He spoke of the chestnut tree in the poem.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
  The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
  With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
  Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
  His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
  He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
  For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
  You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
  With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
  When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
  Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
  And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
  Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
  And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
  He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
  And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
  Singing in Paradise!

He needs must think of her once more,
  How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
  A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, — rejoicing, — sorrowing,
  Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
  Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
  Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks, to thee, my worthy friend,
  For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
  Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
  Each burning deed and thought.

— *Henry W. Longfellow.*

TRUE FRIENDS.

ăn̲′ grў	fr*i*ĕnds	Är′ thu̯r	ȧ shām*e*d′
threw (ṳ)	na̤*ugh*′ tў	tr*o*ŭ′ bl*e*	*k*nīf*e*

Arthur and Tom were playing in the school yard.

They were very good friends; but once in a while they would get angry.

One day Arthur threw a big stone at Tom and hurt him.

Tom picked up the stone to throw back at him, and then he changed his mind.

He walked into the schoolroom and told his teacher about it.

"It was a naughty thing for Arthur to do," she said.

"You may tell his teacher if you wish. Do just as you think best."

Tom stood with the stone in his hand.

"Go and tell of him," said one of the boys.

"He tried to hurt you. I would tell of him."

"Well!" said Tom, "he gets angry too easily.

If we don't do just as he says, he doesn't like it."

By and by he went out to the door.

He threw the stone into the yard.

"Aren't you going to tell his teacher?" said the other boys.

"No, I will not get him into trouble."

Arthur was ashamed of what he had done.

"I'll try not to get angry with the boys again," he said.

"Tom is a good friend to me, he shall take my new knife."

When school was out, they went home together.

Eight fingers,
Ten toes,
Two eyes and one nose.
Baby said, when she smelled of the rose:
"Oh what a pity, I've only one nose!"

Twelve little teeth
In two little rows,
Lots of dimples and one nose.
Baby said, when she smelled of the snuff:
"Cachoo, deary me! One nose is enough."

—*Selected.*

MABEL'S PLAYMATE.

ŭn dẽr stănd′ ȧ round′ wạ*l*k*e*d ȧ hĕ*a*d′ wăg*ge*d tûrn*e*d tā*i*l crŭst rōp*e* drạ*w*

Mabel was making a visit in the country.

She had no children to play with.

She wished her brothers and sisters were there.

Rover liked to play with her; but he was only a dog.

"Oh, Rover!" said Mabel one day. "I wish you could talk."

Rover looked as if he wished so, too.

"Do you wish to go out to play with me, Rover?"

Rover jumped up and wagged his tail.

"You do, do you? Well, then, you may."

Mabel took her sled, and she and Rover ran to the hill.

There was a crust of ice upon the snow.

The sled flew like a bird down the hill.

Rover often ran down the hill after the sled.

Then he walked back to the top with Mabel.

Mabel sat down to rest on a big stone.

Rover lay down beside her.

"I wish my brother Fred were here," said Mabel.

"He would draw my sled up the hill for me.

Can you draw my sled for me, Rover?"

"Bow-wow," said Rover, and wagged his tail again.

Mabel put the rope into his mouth.

"Now, Rover, take the sled up the hill for me."

Rover ran ahead with the sled.

"This is fun!" said Mabel, "I shall let him draw it every time."

Rover reached the top of the hill first.

As soon as Mabel came there he turned around.

He ran down hill again, drawing the sled after him.

"Stop, Rover, stop!" cried Mabel, running after him.

Rover thought she was playing with him, and only ran the faster.

When he reached the foot of the hill he let the rope drop.

Then he ran up to Mabel, and wagged his tail.

He thought he had been a very good dog.

"Oh Rover! you do not understand me," said Mabel.

"You do not know what fun it is to slide down hill.

I must draw my own sled after this."

Sometimes little boys and girls play out in the snow and take cold.

Then they sneeze like this: "Ch! ch!"

Here are some words that say "ch":

chĭck	chīld	chĭp	ch*i*ēf
chĭll	chōōs*e*	châ*i*r	chā*i*n
chōk*e*	chĭn	chŏp	chē*e*k

HIAWATHA.

Ĭn′ dĭ a̯ns̱	fŏr′ ĕst	çē′ da̯r
Hĭ ȧ wä′ thȧ	rā*i*n′ bō*w*	bĩrch
swĭft′ lў	re(ā)in′ dē*e*r	cȧ no̤*e*′

Mr. Longfellow wrote a poem about the Indians.

He wrote about an Indian boy named Hiawatha.

This boy lived in the forest.

He knew everything in the forest.

He could tell you where the birds made their nests.

He learned where they stayed in the winter.

He called them "Hiawatha's chickens."

He watched the fire-fly at night.

He said, "Light me with your little candle."

He looked at the rainbow, and thought it was a garden of flowers in the sky.

He knew why the reindeer ran so swiftly.

The squirrels showed him where they hid their nuts.

The rabbits would run to him.

He called them "Hiawatha's brothers."

Hiawatha made a canoe for himself.

The yellow birch tree gave him its bark.

The cedar gave him branches to make it strong and firm.

It looked like a yellow water-lily as it floated in the river.

Read selections from "Hiawatha."

NELLY'S LITTLE FRIEND.

ŭn dẽr nē*a*th′	härm	pŏ*c*k′ ĕt
ground	scăt′ tẽr*e*d	ȧ frā*i*d′
hŏl′ lō*w*	sā*v*ed	crăck

A pretty little squirrel once lived in a garden.

He made his home in a hollow tree.

The tree was not far from the porch of a farmhouse.

A little girl lived in the farmhouse.

Her name was Nelly.

She would sit upon the porch and watch the squirrel play among the branches.

Every day she put corn or nuts about his hole.

The little squirrel used to put his head out of the hole, and look at her.

"Come, dear little squirrel," she often said, "no one shall harm you."

He would come out to get the nuts or corn.

He filled his cheeks with them and carried them into his hole.

The squirrel uses his cheeks for pockets.

Sometimes he cracked the nuts in the garden.

One day Nelly put some nuts upon the steps and about the porch.

She then took her book and sat down to read.

By and by her little friend peeped from his hole.

He began to take the nuts.

He went up on the porch for some.

Nelly was much pleased to see him.

She sat very still and looked at his bushy tail and bright eyes.

"Dear little squirrel," she said, "come here to me," and she held out a nut.

But the squirrel ran back to his hole in the tree.

"I am sorry you are afraid of me," said the little girl; "I would not harm you."

Soon the squirrel became quite tame, and often ran up on the porch, looking for nuts.

There was a large yellow cat who lived at the farmhouse.

He saw the squirrel, and one day caught him in his mouth.

Nelly ran after the cat and took the squirrel away from him.

He was frightened, but not hurt.

"Let me hold you now," said Nelly; "I took you away from kitty."

But the squirrel ran away from her.

He went to his hole and would not come out for a long time.

"I thought he would love me after I saved his life," said Nelly.

"I think he does not know that I did so."

She told her little friend, Ruth, about her squirrel.

One day when she and Ruth were in the field they saw him.

They walked slowly to the tree where he was.

He seemed glad to see the little girls.

They went to the house for some nuts.

They scattered the nuts all the way to the farmhouse.

The squirrel found his way to the hollow tree.

The letter *q* always takes *u* with him in making a word:

quē*e*n	quāk*e*	quē*e*r
quĕll	quăck	quīt*e*
quĭck	quī′ĕt	quĭll

A LITTLE FISHER MAIDEN.

rāç*e* hŏŏks trout ȧ lŏng′ rē*a*ch′ ĕs

spĕc′ kl*e*d b*ea*ū′ tў crụ′ ĕl bė̇ twē*e*n′

A beautiful little brook ran between soft green hills.

There were shady woods on both sides of it.

The speckled trout liked to live in the little brook.

No men with cruel hooks tried to catch them.

The birds and the rabbits did not trouble them.

One day a little boy and girl came into the woods.

They looked down into the pretty brook.

"Let us take off our shoes and stockings and wade in it," said they.

How clear and cool the water was.

"I saw a fish, George," said the little girl.

"Oh, I see him, too," said George. "I will catch him.

You run along the bank and then step into the brook.

I will chase him up the brook, and you must catch him when he reaches you."

Lily did as George told her, and the race began.

Up the brook came the trout with George behind him.

Lily was standing in the brook waiting for him.

"Catch him now, Lily," said George.

"Shall I catch him in my hands?" said Lily.

"Yes, any way; but don't let him go, for he is a beauty."

Down sat Lily in the brook, and the trout swam into her apron.

"I have him! I have him!" she cried. "He is here in my apron."

"Well, that is one way to catch a fish," said George. "You are as wet as you can be."

"Never mind," said Lily, "it is so warm that I shall not take cold.

I should like to know how you were going to catch him.

It isn't easy to hold a fish."

They carried the fish home to mamma.

She laughed when they told her about it. They kept the fish a little while, then took him back to the brook.

The Children's Chair.

LONGFELLOW'S BIRTHDAY.

rē̇ mĕm′ bẽr	rē̇ pē*a*t′	dī*e*d
ṁon′ *e*y̆	tē*a*ch′ ẽrs̱	fa̤l′ *le*n
căr′ rĭ*e*d	Märch	châ*ir*

The children in Cambridge loved Mr. Longfellow.

What do you think they did for his birthday?

They carried some money to their teachers.

This money was given to friends of Mr. Longfellow.

These friends were to buy him a birthday present.

The great chestnut tree near the blacksmith's shop had fallen down.

The wood had been saved, for people loved the tree.

It made them think of Mr. Longfellow's poem.

Mr. Longfellow's friends had a beautiful chair made from this wood.

It was put into his study upon his birthday.

After his breakfast, he came into the room. There was this beautiful chair.

How happy it made Mr. Longfellow!

It made his heart glad because it came from the children, and he wrote a poem to thank them.

After that, many children remembered his birthday.

They would talk about his beautiful life.

They learned to repeat his poems.

Sometimes they sent letters to him.

It always pleased him to have them remember him.

He died in March, 1882.

How sad the people were to have him go. His life had made them better and happier.

THE MESSAGE OF THE CHERRY BLOSSOMS.

clŭng	mĕs′ sȧġe	ȧ līve′
*w*rē*a*ths	tŭck*e*d	Sĕp tĕm′ bẽr
Nôrth	dė̇ lī*gh*t′ ĕd	flō*a*t′ ĕd

Florence had never seen snow.
She had always lived in the sunny South.

At her home the flowers were always in blossom.

Her papa brought her to live in the North.

She came North in the month of September.

She was delighted with the fall flowers.

The asters made the fields so bright and pretty.

The leaves had begun to turn red and yellow.

Florence thought that they were beautiful.

"I love the North," she said, "for the leaves are so bright."

By-and-by the winds began to blow.

The leaves floated down to the ground.

Florence looked up at the bare branches.

"You poor lonely things!" she said. "I wish you had your leaves again."

One day there came a snow-storm.

The air was full of feathery flakes.

They clung to the bare branches.

They covered them with wreaths of white.

"The snow is very beautiful!" said Florence, "but I am afraid it is too cold for the trees.

How can the leaves ever come back again?"

"There are little buds on the branches now," said her papa.

"You shall see for yourself that they are still alive."

He took Florence out to the cherry tree and broke off some branches.

He put them into water and placed them in the sunlight.

The little brown buds began to grow large.

The tiny leaves and blossoms came out.

"You see that they are there," said papa, "and the spring will bring them out again.

The winter is the time for the tree to rest."

"In the frozen buds of every winter
Sleep the blossoms of a future flower."

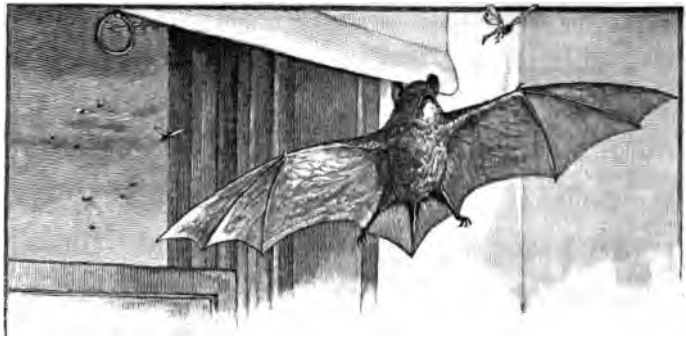
SNOWFLAKES.

Whene'er a snowflake leaves the sky
It turns and turns, to say "Good-bye."
"Good-bye, dear cloud, so cool and gray,"
Then turns and hastens on its way.

And when a snowflake finds a tree,
"Good day!" it says; "Good day to thee.
Thou art so bare and lonely, dear,
I'll rest and call my playmates here."

But when a snowflake, brave and meek,
Lights on a little maiden's cheek,
It starts—"How warm and mild the day!
'Tis summer!" and it melts away.

— *Selected.*



AN EVENING VISITOR.

ăt trăct′	clē*a*r′ lȳ	flō*w*n	clōs̱*e*d
sprĕ*a*d	hīnd	frȯnt	scrē*e*n
wī*r*e	hŏŏk*e*d	cla̤*w*s̱	Mĭl′ drĕd

One evening, as Mildred was sitting in her papa's lap, something flew into the room.

It looked like a large black bird.

Before Mildred could see it clearly, it had flown out of the window.

"What kind of a bird was that?" she asked.

"That was no bird," said papa; "it was a bat."

"A bat!" cried Mildred, "how I wish I might see one!

What was it doing in here, papa?"

"It was chasing some insect," said her papa.

"If it comes in again, I will try to catch it for you.

We will put a bright light near the window.

The light will attract the insects, and the bat will follow them."

Very soon it flew into the room, and Mildred's papa closed the window and caught it.

He put a wire screen over the bat so that Mildred might watch him.

"Why, papa, he looks like a mouse," said she.

"How does he fly about?"

"Look at the thin skin, like a wing, on each of his sides.

It is spread from the front to the hind legs."

"Just look at his teeth, papa. I think he would like to bite me. Where does he live?"

"He may live in a barn or on some tree. I once found a bat hanging from a window-blind.

Do you see those hooked claws?

He hangs by those claws, with his head down."

"I wish I could find one in the day-time," said Mildred.

"Keep your eyes open, and you may. There are very many things for little girls who have bright eyes."

Mildred watched the bat for a long time, and then her papa let him go.

W tried to blow out the candle, and said, "ōō, ōō," but he could not do it.

H said, "I will blow it"; but the light would not go out.

"Let us try to blow it together," they said, and out went the candle.

wh ȳ	wh ĕn	wh īt*e*	wh êr*e*
wh ạt	wh ŏ*a*	wh ĭch	

HELPING HANDS.

hŭr′ rȳ ĭng	căr′ rȳ ĭng	ĕx prĕss′
Hăr′ old	mĭn′ ut*e*s	t*o*ŭch*e*d
cō*a*st′ ĭng	wom′ an (I)	nē*i*′ thẽr

Harold was hurrying home from school one day.

His playmates were going to coast on Pine Hill.

He soon had his sled, and was on his way to the hill, when he saw an old woman.

She was carrying a big basket of clothes.

There was so much snow and ice that she could hardly walk.

Harold ran past her with his sled.

In a few minutes he turned back again.

He went to the old woman, who was resting upon a door step.

He lifted his cap and said, "Good afternoon."

"I suppose it is a good afternoon for boys who like to slide," she said; "but I know I shall slip on the ice."

"If you will put your basket upon my sled," said Harold, "I will take it home for you."

"What!" said the old woman, "are you making fun of me?"

"No," said Harold, "I never make fun of old people. I can take it home for you as well as not."

Then the old woman put the basket on the sled.

Harold had to go very slowly, for the old woman couldn't walk fast.

One of the boys saw him, and said, "Hulloa, Harold! I thought you were coming to coast?"

Harold laughed, and said, "So I am, but I am running an express now."

"Oh, that is it," said the boy. "Well, I am going to the hill."

"I shall be there soon," said Harold.

When he came to the place where the old woman lived, he carried the basket into the house for her.

"Thank you," said she. "I think you are a kind boy."

"You are welcome," said Harold, and he touched his cap and ran off to the hill.

I think he had the best time of any boy there.

Do you know why I think so?

OW AND OU.

There are three letters who say "ow." They go together in pairs, "ow" and "ou."

I think *o* is to blame. *W* and *u* never sound so by themselves.

brown	town	mouse	sour	found
frown	growl	souse	hour	hound
drown	howl	rouse	round	wound
crown	scowl	douse	sound	pound
down	house	our	bound	proud

CARL AND THE CLOUDS.

cū′ mū̇ lŭs	flō*a*t	pīl*e*d
ĕn′ tē̆r*e*d	căs′ *tl*e	ăp pē*a*r′
Lĕs′ lĭ*e*	lī′ la͡c	tī*r*ed
	mĭs′ *si*ȯn (sh)	

When the summer came there were no more pictures on the window-pane for little Carl.

He would watch the children at play until he was tired, and then he would lie down and look at the clouds.

One day he heard some one rap at the door.

"Come in," he said, and a lady entered with a basket of flowers in her hand.

"I am Miss Leslie, and I have some flowers for you," she said.

"Oh, thank you!" said Carl. "How beautiful they look! but don't you wish to give them to your friends?"

"The flower mission sent them to you," said the lady, "and you shall have more next week."

"How kind you are!" said Carl; "what is a flower mission?"

"The flower mission sends flowers to those who have none.

Sometimes little children go into the fields and bring us wild flowers.

A little boy in the yard below told me that you were lame, and had no flowers."

"Was it the boy who has curly hair?" said Carl. "He looks up at me every morning."

"I think so," said Miss Leslie. "Now tell me what you were doing when I came in."

"I was watching that cloud.
See how it is piled up, and how beautifully the light shines on it.
I hope it will not go away before the sun sets. I like to see the clouds turn pink and violet."

"Do you often watch the clouds, Carl?"

"Yes, I do. I lie here and see them float by, when I am too tired to do anything else.
This one doesn't come very often. I think if it stays until sunset it will look like these flowers."

Miss Leslie smiled. "It does make me think of the lilacs. Would you like to know your clouds by name, Carl?"

"Yes, indeed. I didn't know clouds had names."

"This one is 'cumulus.' Sometimes it looks like a great castle, and again like mountains covered with snow."

"So it does," said Carl. "I have never seen a castle or mountains, but I think I know how they look. I shall try to remember 'cumulus' and watch for it."

"I may be able to give you the names of some other clouds next time," said Miss Leslie, "but I must go now. I shall try to come and see you next week."

"I hope you will," said Carl. "I shall be glad to see you."

THE POET AND THE CHILDREN.

H. W. L.

With a glory of winter sunshine
  Over his locks of gray,
In the old historic mansion,
  He sat on his last birthday,

With his books and his pleasant pictures,
  And his household and his kin,
While a sound as of myriads singing
  From far and near stole in.

It came from his own fair city,
  From the prairie's boundless plain,
From the Golden Gate of sunset,
  And the cedarn woods of Maine;

And his heart grew warm within him,
  And his moistening eyes grew dim,
For he knew that his country's children
  Were singing the songs of him.

The lays of his life's glad morning,
  The psalms of his evening time,
Whose echoes shall float forever
  On the winds of every clime.

All their beautiful consolations,
  Sent forth like birds of cheer,
Came flocking back to his windows,
  And sang in the poet's ear.

Grateful, but solemn and tender,
  The music rose and fell
With a joy akin to sadness
  And a greeting like farewell.

With a sense of awe he listened
  To the voices sweet and young;
The last of earth and the first of heaven
  Seemed in the songs they sung.

And waiting a little longer
  For the wonderful change to come,
He heard the Summoning Angel
  Who calls God's children home!

And to him, in a holier welcome,
  Was the mystical meaning given
Of the words of the blessed Master,
  "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven!"

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

Who was the poet in the historic mansion?

Where was the mansion?

Whose voices were singing his poems?

Why did the children remember his birthday?

WHITTIER'S BIRTHPLACE.

Hā′ vẽr *h*ĭl*l* Whĭt′ tĭ ẽr dĭs′ tạnçe
hĭs tŏr′ ĭc

I will tell you who wrote the last poem.
It was John Greenleaf Whittier.
Mr. Whittier was a poet.
This is a picture of his birthplace.

He was born in the same year as Mr. Longfellow.

Mr. Whittier was born on the 17th of December, 1807.

His first home was a farmhouse in Haverhill, Massachusetts.

There were woods all about it when Mr. Whittier was a boy.

At one side of the house was an old well.

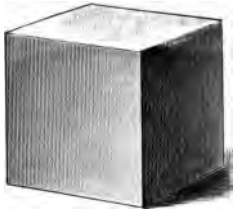
A brook ran at the foot of the hill.

There were hills to be seen in the distance.

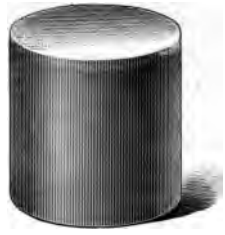
Mr. Whittier always loved these hills.

He was a very happy boy.

Would you not have liked to play there with him?

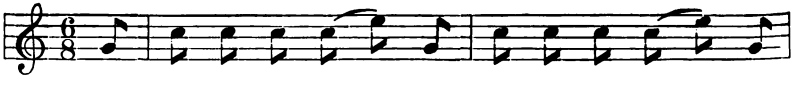


Twelve edges for you,

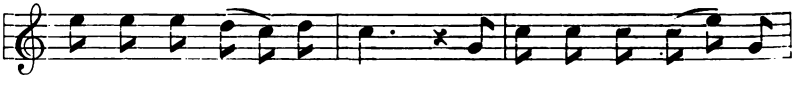


Two edges for you,

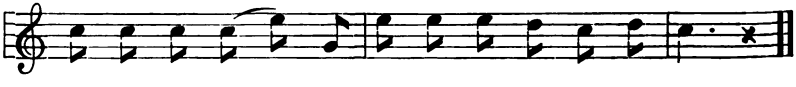
No edges at all for me.



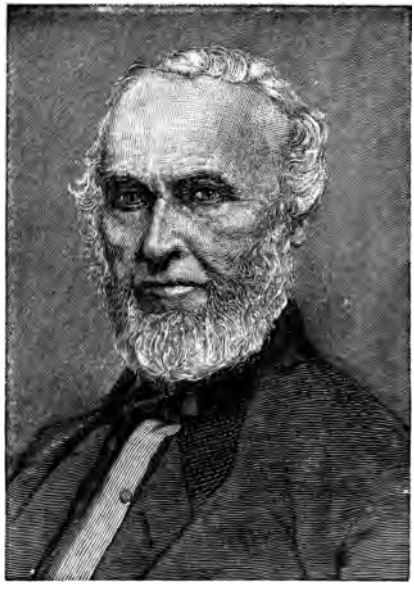
Twelve edg - es for you, Two edg - es for you, No



edg - es at all for me. If I should have edg-es, as



both of you do, I'd not be so hap - py and free.



MR. WHITTIER.

bâr*e*′ fo͝ot y*o*ŭng wo͝od′ chŭ*c*k
sŭp′ pẽr stra̤*w*′ bĕr rĭe̤s̤ ō′ rĭ ōl*e* *w*hōl*e*

This is a picture of Mr. Whittier.
He is a man in the picture, but he always remembered the days when he was a boy.

He liked to think of his life on the farm.

Mr. Whittier wrote a poem about a barefoot boy.

Why do you think he wrote this poem?

Mr. Whittier ran about with bare feet when he was a boy.

He told of the happy times he used to have.

He knew how the woodchuck dug his hole.

He watched the robin feed her young.

The oriole let him see her nest.

She hangs it from a high branch of a tree.

There were red strawberries on the hill for him.

He knew where to find the whitest lilies.

The squirrels would play about him.

They knew that he had a kind heart.

Do you not think he was a happy boy?

He thought that the whole world was full of beauty.

He liked to sit on the door-step to eat his supper of bread and milk.

The beautiful clouds floated above his head.

One after another the fireflies would shine out in the fields.

What beautiful thoughts these things would bring to him!

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!

With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace:
From my heart I give thee joy, —
I was once a barefoot boy!

O, for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild-flower's time and place,
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well:

How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung:
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow.
For eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks.
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy,—
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

BESSIE AND THE MUG.

sĭl′ vẽr mŭg sŭp pōs̱*e*′ da̤*ugh*′ tẽr
ŏf′ *te*n ō′ pen*e*d härd′ lў

Bessie's papa had a silver mug.
His father gave it to him when he was a little boy.

Bessie thought that the mug was beautiful.

Her papa often let her drink from it.

She used to rub the silver and keep it bright.

She wished her papa to give it to her for her own.

"I must give it to Charlie," said her papa.

It says 'To my son' upon it. Charlie is my son. You are my little daughter."

Bessie went by herself to think about it.

She wanted the mug very much.

"Charlie does not care for it as I do," she thought.

"He will not keep the silver bright.

I wish it did not have 'To my son' upon it."

By and by she ran to her father.

"Oh, papa," she said, "I have thought what you can do.

You can take it to the store and have them put 'shine' upon it.

Then it will read 'To my Sunshine,' and Sunshine is one of your names for me."

Her papa laughed and said, "I will see what I can do."

A few days later he brought a box to Bessie.

She opened the box and there was a beautiful silver mug.

What do you suppose she read upon the mug?

"To my Sunshine."

She was so happy that she hardly knew what to say.

"Do you see why I could not put 'shine' upon the other mug?" said papa.

"Yes, papa; s-o-n does not mean the same as s-u-n. I shall never forget that again."

I love to see the ..... shine.
Charlie was his father's .....

MR. WHITTIER'S SCHOOL DAYS.

bē̇ cȯme′ p*i*ēç′ ĕs̱ lĕ*a*d
news̱′ pā pẽr sûr prīs̱*e*d′ nīn*e*′ tē*e*n
(ū)
s*c*hō̄ol′ mȧs tẽr lẽ*a*rn*e*d

Mr. Whittier went to school when he was a little boy.

His first school was in a farmhouse.

I wonder how you would have liked his school.

There were no writing books in those days.

He had to write upon pieces of paper.

The children had no lead pencils.

The boys used to write with big pieces of lead.

Mr. Whittier tells us a little about his school life.

He wrote a poem called "To my Schoolmaster."

Afterwards he went to school in a little brown schoolhouse.

He began to write poems when he was a boy.

One day his sister Mary sent one of his poems to a newspaper.

Mr. Whittier was then nineteen years old.

He wished to become a poet.

He had kept his poems hidden away.

He was very much surprised to see his poem in a newspaper.

Mr. Whittier wished to learn more.

He began to work and save his money.

He went to school for some time.

After that he wrote many poems.

People soon learned to know him and to love his poetry.

MAY-DAY.

spĕnd′ ĭng ĕv′ ẽr grēen hē̇ păt′ ĭ cȧ pōle
quēen wīnd′ ĭng clŭs′ tẽr fûr

Some boys and girls were spending a day in the woods.

It was May-day and there was no school.

One little girl was the May Queen.

She was to wear a wreath of flowers upon her head.

The children were winding evergreen about a pole.

"This is our May-pole, and we shall dance about it," they said.

They soon began to hunt for flowers.

The sweet mayflowers peeped out from under their leaves, and the bright-eyed children soon found their blossoms.

One little girl went away by herself.

She followed a tiny brook.

Here and there she found a few blossoms.

She found a cluster of beautiful flowers.

Some were pink, some violet, and others were white.

The sepals were soft and covered with fine hairs.

"You still have your furs on, my flowers," said the little girl.

"I am glad that you are careful, for you come so early that Jack Frost may catch you.

I think I know your name; you are the hepatica.

You are one of the first flowers to awake."

She stayed by the little brook, and watched it run over the stones.

It sang a happy song as it went on its way.

"You are glad to be free once more," she said.

By and by she followed the brook back where the other children were.

As soon as she came into sight she heard them calling, "She is found! She is found!"

"Who is found?" she asked.

"Why, you are found. We have all been looking for you."

"I have not been lost," she said.

"I have been with the little brook. I followed it into the woods and then I followed it back again."

Read a selection of Tennyson's "May Queen."

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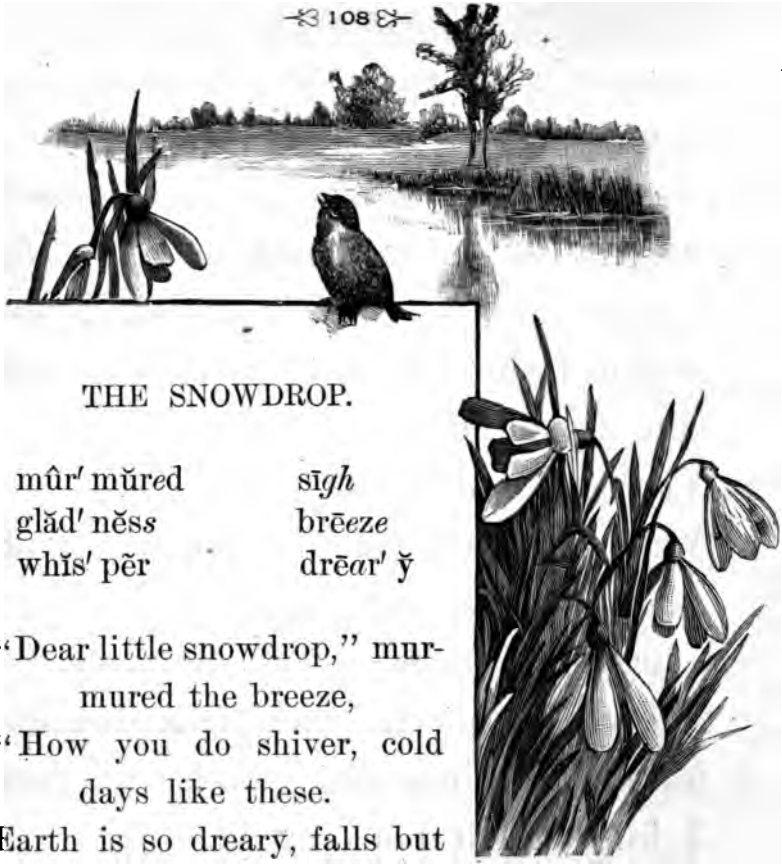


THE SNOWDROP.

mûr′ mŭred	sī*gh*
glăd′ nĕs*s*	brē*eze*
whĭs′ pĕr	drē*ar*′ ȳ

"Dear little snowdrop," murmured the breeze,
"How you do shiver, cold days like these.
Earth is so dreary, falls but the sigh.
Will these dark days ever go by?"

"That's why I'm here, love; gladness I bring.
'Take heart,' I whisper, 'See it is the spring!'"

— *Selected.*

"IN SCHOOL DAYS."

*w*rŏng	spĕl*l*′ ĭng	clȧs*s*	lăd′ dēr
mĭs spĕl*l*′	fā*i*l*e*d	cûrlṣ	wā*i*t′ ĕd

Mr. Whittier always remembered one little girl in his school.

She was a very kind little girl.

She was in the spelling class with him.

The children stood in a line to spell.

Sometimes the children misspelled a word.

The one who spelled it right went above those who failed.

It was like climbing up a ladder.

One day Mr. Whittier spelled a word wrong.

This little girl, with the golden curls,
went above him.
She was sorry to have him spell it
wrong.
She knew it made him feel bad.
After school she waited for him.
When he came out of school she
went to him.
She looked into his face with her
brown eyes, and said:
"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
I hate to go above you.
Because," — the brown eyes lower
fell, —
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Read "In School Days" to the class.

SPECKLE AND HER CHICKENS.

Spĕc′ kl*e*	hăt*c*h	căc′ kl*e*	flŭf*f*′ ў
cŭr′ rạnt	tạll′ ĕst	shād′ ў	bụsh

Poor old Speckle was in trouble.

She couldn't keep her eggs.

She hid them in the hay, but Harry found them.

She made a nest under a currant bush, but Mary took them away.

"I shall never hatch any chickens," said Speckle.

"Why do people take away my eggs?

I wish I could have a nest like a bird.

I would make it in the top of the tallest tree.

A robin left one in the apple tree last year. I might lay my eggs in it.

No, that wouldn't do, for chickens run about at once.

Their feet are not made for trees.

They would fall from the branches.

If they stayed in their nest, like birds, I would try it.

I will make a nest in the cornfield."

She found a shady, green spot and laid some eggs.

She would run back into the barnyard before she dared to cackle.

At last nine little chickens peeped out of their shells.

Speckle was very proud of them.

She took them at once to the farmyard.

Harry was there feeding the hens.

"See my chickens!" she clucked; "you did not get my eggs this time."

Harry called Mary out to see them.

"Well, old Speckle," said Mary, "you did hatch your eggs.

You shall have some meal for your pretty, fluffy chickens."

Mary picked up one of the chickens and carried it home in her apron. "Old Speckle can spare you," she said, "and I want you for a pet."

My chicken's name is Cuddle;
  Just see him wink his eyes!
He's only three days old now,
  And yet he's very wise.
I think he's very clever,
  The funny little peep;
The way he says he loves me
  Is "Cheep! cheep! cheep!"

— *Selected.*

WHITTIER'S HOME AT AMESBURY.

Āme(ē)s′ bur ў	whō*a*	chûrch
cạl*l*′ ĭng	păr′ rȯt	lē*a*rn*e*d
hē*a*rd	Rŏb′ ĭn Ȧdâ*i*r′	

The old farm at Haverhill was sold in 1840.

Mr. Whittier then went to live in Amesbury.

This is a picture of his home there.

He loved little children, and would talk and play with them.

The children in Amesbury soon learned to know and love him.

He had a parrot. The parrot's name was Charlie.

The children called Mr. Whittier "The man with the parrot."

Charlie would talk to them.

When he heard the school bell ring he would call, "Run in, boys, run in!"

He would say "Whoa" to the horses that passed.

The horses would often stop, for they did not know it was a bird talking.

One Sunday the parrot flew into a tree in the front yard.

He began calling to the people as they went to church.

Mr. Whittier tried to make him fly back to his cage.

He wished the parrot to be quiet on Sunday.

At last the parrot flew back to the house.

Mr. Whittier had many pets.

One of them was a yellow cat.

He would often show these pets to the children who came to visit him.

He once had a large dog.

His name was Robin Adair.

There is a song about Robin Adair.

One day a lady sang it to Mr. Whittier. The dog heard the song and came close to her while she sang.

"He thinks you are singing to him," said Mr. Whittier.

Read "The Common Question" to the class.

Sometimes children run in from school and wake the baby. Mamma says, "Sh! sh! Make no noise."

shăll	shȯve	shŏp
shŭt	shīne	shĭp
shōw	shōne	shôrt
shāpe	shōōt	shōre

THE FIR TREES.

fĭr	strā*ight*	văl′ le*y*
moun′ t*a*ĭn	slĕn′ dẽr	tĭp*pe*d
nē*e*′ dle*s*	brȧnch′ ĕs	lōn*e*′ ly
wȯn′ dẽr	pĕck*e*d	cōn*e*

Two young fir trees grew upon the side of a mountain.

The trees about them were oaks or maples. They had beautiful large leaves.

The birds made nests upon their branches.

There were no nests in the fir trees.

Their branches were covered with slender needles.

When the wind blew the fir trees would whisper to each other.

"Why are we not like the other trees?
Their leaves are large and beautiful.
Their branches reach out to welcome the birds and squirrels.
The children rest beneath their shade.
The squirrels play among them.
No one seems to care for us."
"Never mind the other trees," said a sunbeam; "I will come to visit you. Grow strong and straight and your happy time will come."
By and by Jack Frost flew into the woods.
The days began to grow cold.
The leaves put on their bright colors.
Some were red and others were yellow.

The fir trees looked down into the valley at the bright colors.

"How beautiful the trees are!" they said to one another.

"I wonder what color we shall be."

"I should like to have yellow leaves," said one.

"I hope my needles will be tipped with red," said the other.

Every morning they would look at their needles to see if they were changed.

Each morning the needles were as green as ever.

The trees shook their heads sadly.

"Our leaves are not going to change," they said. "I wonder why we are not like the maples and oaks."

By and by the leaves on the oaks and maples began to fall.

Soon all the branches were bare.

The fir trees were still bright and green.

"We are sorry for the poor trees," they said.

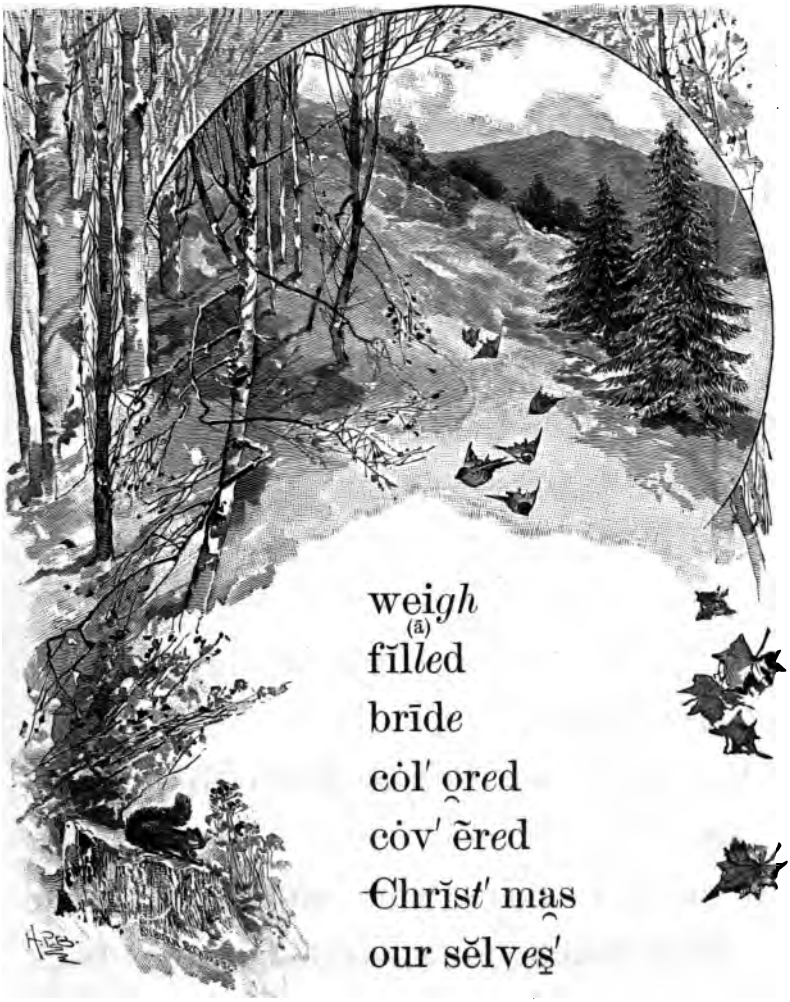
"They are so lonely and bare."

A few little snowbirds were in the woods.

They flew to the fir trees and pecked at their cones.

"The birds want our seeds," said the fir trees. "Let us open our cones and feed them."

So they let the seeds fall from their cones.


weigh
(ā)
fĭlled
brīde
cȯl' ȯred
cȯv' ẽred
Chrĭst' mas
our sĕlves'

THE FIR TREES' REWARD.

One day the air was filled with snowflakes.

They danced about to find a resting place.

Some snowflakes flew to the fir trees, and rested upon them.

They called to their playmates, and soon the branches were covered with snow.

The fir trees were very happy.

"We love the soft, white snowflakes," they said.

"We wish we might keep them with us."

In a few days the sun found the snowflakes, and carried them back to their cloud home.

Then the fir trees were sad again.

One clear, cold day, some children came with their father into the wood.

They ran at once to the fir trees.

"Here are the trees we want!" they cried.

"See how pretty and green they are!

They are straight and strong, and will be fine Christmas trees."

So their father cut down the fir trees and carried them home.

In a few days the fir trees were covered with beautiful things.

There were tiny candles to make them bright.

"How happy we are!" they said.

"We are so glad to be fir trees!

This is better than having the bright colored leaves.
It is beautiful to give ourselves to make others happy."

Whispering pines of the forest,
What do your voices say?
I hear the sound of your murmuring
Throughout the live-long day.

In winter we talk of the flowers
Which make the forest bright.
We do not wish to forget them
While they are out of sight.

In summer we think of the snow-wreaths
Which weigh our branches down:
We shall stand white in the starlight,
Like a bride in her snowy gown.

NIMBUS, THE RAIN CLOUD.

shāp*e*s	frā′ gra̯nt	dŭl*l*
cûr′ t*a*ĭns̱	bŏn′ nĕts	ta̤*l*k′ ĭng
drŏps	nĭm′ bŭs	voiç*e*

Carl now liked more than ever to watch the clouds.

He would look for the clouds whose names he knew, and saw many shapes in the sky.

"I wonder what that large cloud is," he said one day. "It covers the whole sky.

It looks like a heavy gray curtain.

If Miss Leslie comes to-day I will ask her."

Very soon the rain began to fall.

"Oh, dear!" said Carl, "I am afraid Miss Leslie will not come to-day."

He was watching the raindrops on the window, when there came a rap at the door.

"Come in," he said, and Miss Leslie walked into the room.

"I am very glad to see you," said Carl. "I was afraid the rain would keep you away."

"Oh, no," said Miss Leslie; "I do not stay at home for the rain.

I have some sweet peas for you to-day."

"How lovely they are!" said Carl, taking them in his hand. "Why do you wear sun-bonnets, little flowers? I can't see that you have faces. How sweet you smell!"

"Yes," said Miss Leslie, "they are very fragrant."

"I know mamma will like to see them, for when she was a little girl she had some in her garden.

Can you tell me the name of this large, gray cloud that covers the sky?"

"This cloud's name is nimbus," said Miss Leslie. "It is the rain cloud."

"I don't think nimbus is a very pretty cloud," said Carl. "It is so dull and gray."

"It is the cloud which the rainbow rests upon, and you know that is very beautiful."

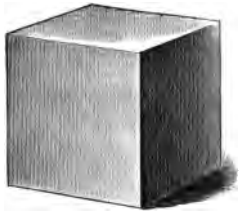
"Yes, Miss Leslie; and it is the cloud that has a voice.

Sometimes the raindrops patter against the window-pane as if they were talking to me. I think I like the nimbus cloud, after all."

"The flowers could not grow if there was no rain cloud," said Miss Leslie; "so you should like the nimbus cloud very much.

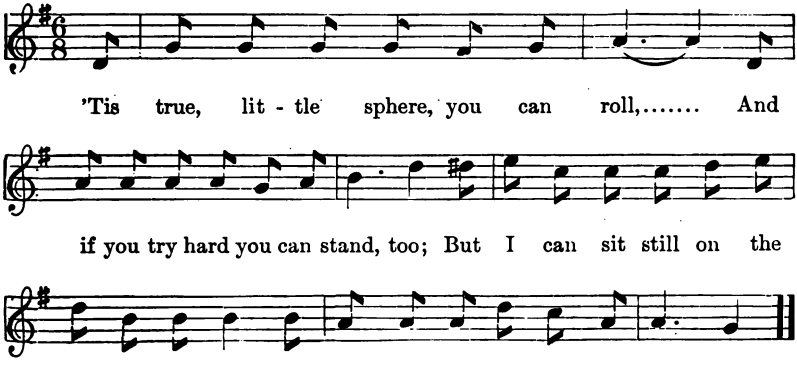
I wish you might see how they lift their heads when the rain begins to fall. You shall see them, too, for you are going to the country with me."

"How happy I shall be," said Carl, and his face was very bright as he said "Good-bye."



WHAT THE CUBE SAID TO THE SPHERE.

'Tis true, little sphere, you can roll,
And if you try hard, you can stand, too;
But I can sit still on the side of a hill,
And that is one thing that you can't do.



MR. WHITTIER AT OAK KNOLL.

Ō*a*k *K*nōl*l*	ôr′ cha̯rds̱	shō*u*l′ dẽr
Dăn′ vẽrs̱	Frī′ dā̇*y*	*g*na̤*w*
foun′ t*a*ĭn	bŭt′ t*o*ns̱	*h*our

Mr. Whittier lived a part of the time at Oak Knoll.

Oak Knoll is the name of a farm at Danvers.

Danvers is an hour's ride from Amesbury.

Mr. Whittier loved to be at Oak Knoll.

There are large trees about the house.

There are orchards of fruit trees near it.

Behind the house is a beautiful garden.

There is a fountain in the center of the garden.

One day the gardener brought a squirrel to Mr. Whittier.

Mr. Whittier named the squirrel Friday, and had a cage made for him, which was hung in his study.

Friday became very tame and used to run about the house.

Mr. Whittier carried nuts in his pocket for Friday.

The squirrel would hunt for the nuts.

When he had found one he would carry it up on Mr. Whittier's shoulder.

He liked to crack and eat it there.

What do you suppose he would sometimes do?

He would find Mr. Whittier asleep.

Then he would gnaw the buttons from his coat. Wasn't he a funny squirrel to do *this, for he* knew he could not eat them?

Sometimes Friday would run off into the woods.

Perhaps he made visits to the other squirrels.

He loved best to be with Mr. Whittier, and always came back.

Sometimes *o* takes *a* with him, and calls his own name.

He doesn't let *a* make a sound.

Some children might think *e* was hiding at the end of the word.

They would not know *a* was there if they had not seen him.

ō*a*r	gō*a*t	whō*a*	rō*a*r
cō*a*t	lō*a*d	flō*a*t	sō*a*r
bō*a*t	tō*a*d	rō*a*m	clō*a*k

"Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With silver bells and cockle shells,
And pretty maids all in a row."

läugh (f) bôr′ dẽr mĭd′ dle bēets răt′ tle
bēans̱ lā′ bĕls̱ māids̱ bus̱′ ĭ lў (l)

MARY'S GARDEN.

The lovely springtime had come, and Mary's father was making his garden.

"You and Harry shall each have a garden for your own," he said.

So he gave them each a piece of ground for a garden.

"I shall plant beets, corn and beans in mine," said Harry.

"And I shall fill mine with beautiful flowers," said Mary.

Harry planted his garden first.

Mary went out to look at it, and to plant her seeds.

"How bare your garden looks," she said; "and what are those pieces of paper?"

"They have the names of the seeds written upon them," said Harry.

"Well, I don't think they look very pretty. I wish my flower bed to look pretty, and it shall, too."

Harry laughed and said, "How can it look pretty before the flowers grow?"

"You shall see, Harry Gray. I know what I shall do."

A few days later, when Harry came home from school, he saw Mary in the garden.

She was working busily, and called him to come and look at her flower bed.

There were paper dolls in gay dresses standing about.

"Well, I must say you have a funny looking garden. Why are those dolls there?"

"Those are my labels," said Mary.

"The one above the pansy seeds has a purple dress.

The pink one is over the sweet peas, and the blue one shows where the forget-me-nots are planted.

Isn't my garden pretty?"

"I never saw such a girl," said Harry.

The next morning Harry asked Mary to have a race to the garden.

When Mary came to her flower bed she saw a border of shells around it.

An old rattle which belonged to the baby was standing up in the middle of the bed.

"Why, Harry Gray, what have you been doing with baby's bells?"

"I planted some bluebells for you and that is the label," said Harry, then he began to laugh.

"What are you laughing at, Harry Gray?"

Harry began to sing,—

"Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?"

Mary laughed then, and answered,—

"With silver bells and cockle shells,
And pretty maids all in a row."

MR. WHITTIER'S MOCKING BIRD.

mŏck′ ĭng whĭs′ *tle* Dā′ vĭd Phē′ bē̇
mū′ ṣĭc grōv*e*

Mr. Whittier had a beautiful mocking bird.

His name was David.

He was full of music and fun.

He would whistle to the horses.

He knew Mr. Whittier and would call his name.

He would sing, "Whittier! Whittier!"

Mr. Whittier let him fly about the house.

Sometimes he would fly up in the air.

Then he would light upon Mr. Whittier's head.

I will tell you the pet Mr. Whittier loved best. It was a little girl.

She lived at Oak Knoll, and her name was Phebe.

Mr. Whittier used to play with her.

They would play school together, and Phebe was always the teacher.

He helped her to build a playhouse in the grove.

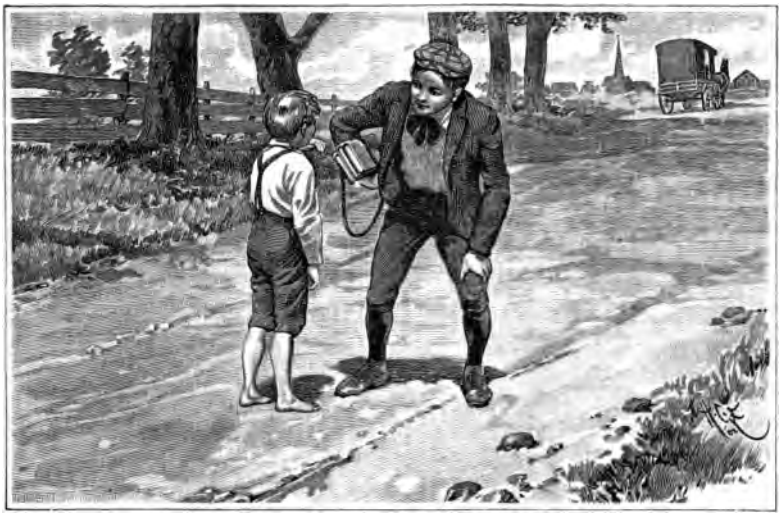
Mr. Whittier wrote a poem about Phebe.

He called her "Little Red Riding Hood."

How many beautiful thoughts he must have given to the little girl.

He has left many thoughts for you, too.

You must learn to read his poems for yourself.



WHY HENRY WAS LATE.

crȳ′ ĭng	hăp′ pen	troŭ′ ble
pẽr hăps′	lāte	rēa′ son

Henry was on his way to school one morning, when he met a little boy. The boy was crying, and Henry asked what the trouble was.

"I can't find my way home," said the boy.

"What is your name, and where do you live?" asked Henry.

"My name is Albert Strong, and I live on Gray street."

"Why, that is a long way from here," said Henry. "How do you happen to be so far from home?"

"I went to ride with the milkman and I rode too far."

"I should think you did. I wish I had time to take you home, but I must go to school."

The boy began to cry again.

"Oh, please take me home," he said.

"Oh, dear!" said Henry to himself, "I haven't been late this year. He ought to have gone home long ago."

Henry stood still for a few minutes, and then went to Albert.

"I'll take you home," he said, "if you will stop crying.

I don't like to walk with a boy who cries.

Don't you know that boys should never cry?"

Albert stopped crying and began to smile.

"You would have gone to school if I had not cried," he said, "and then I shouldn't have found my way home."

"That is so," said Henry. "Perhaps little boys like you may cry sometimes. You must hurry now, for I do not like to be late."

Everything was covered with snow.
Phebe saw a crow fly by. A gray hawk and a blue jay flew among the trees.
On one drift sat a squirrel with his broad tail towards the north wind.
"They are hungry," thought little Phebe. "The snow has covered up the seeds which they eat."
"Oh, see," she cried, "the poor blue jays!
What is it that the black crow says?
The squirrel lifts his little legs,
Because he has no hands, and begs;
He 's asking for my nuts, I know;
May I not feed them on the snow?"
Phebe's mother let her put on her big boots and pretty red hood.

She gave her a basket of nuts and corn.
The wind blew hard, and the drifts were deep, but Phebe did not care.
She went where she had seen the birds and the squirrel.
She threw the nuts and corn to them, and said:
"Come, squirrel, from your hollow oak, —
Come, black old crow, — come, poor blue jay,
Before your supper's blown away.
Don't be afraid, we all are good,
And I'm mamma's Red Riding Hood!"

Everything was covered with snow.
Phebe saw a crow fly by. A gray hawk and a blue jay flew among the trees.
On one drift sat a squirrel with his broad tail towards the north wind.
"They are hungry," thought little Phebe. "The snow has covered up the seeds which they eat."
"Oh, see," she cried, "the poor blue jays!
What is it that the black crow says?
The squirrel lifts his little legs,
Because he has no hands, and begs;
He 's asking for my nuts, I know;
May I not feed them on the snow?"
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"Come, squirrel, from your hollow oak, —

Come, black old crow, — come, poor blue jay,

Before your supper's blown away.

Don't be afraid, we all are good,

And I'm mamma's Red Riding Hood!"

RED RIDING HOOD.

On the wide lawn the snow lay deep,
Ridged o'er with many a drifted heap;
The wind that through the pine trees sung
The naked elm boughs tossed and swung;
While, through the window, frosty-starred,
Against the sunset purple-barred,
We saw the somber crow flap by,
The hawk's gray fleck along the sky,
The crested blue jay flitting swift,
The squirrel poising on the drift,
Erect, alert, his broad gray tail
Set to the north wind like a sail.

It came to pass, our little lass,
With flattened face against the glass,
And eyes in which the tender dew
Of pity shone, stood gazing through
The narrow space her rosy lips
Had melted from the frost's eclipse:
"Oh, see," she cried, "the poor blue jays!
What is it that the black crow says?

The squirrel lifts his little legs,
Because he has no hands, and begs;
He's asking for my nuts, I know;
May I not feed them on the snow?"

Half lost within her boots, her head
Warm-sheltered in her hood of red,
Her plaid skirt close about her drawn,
She floundered down the wintry lawn;
Now struggling through the misty veil
Blown round her by the shrieking gale;
Now sinking in a drift so low
Her scarlet hood could scarcely show
Its dash of color on the snow.

She dropped for bird and beast forlorn
Her little store of nuts and corn,
And thus her timid guests bespoke:
"Come, squirrel, from your hollow oak,—
Come, black old crow,—come, poor blue jay,
Before your supper's blown away.
Don't be afraid, we all are good;
And I'm mamma's Red Riding Hood!"

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

TIM AND THE PEAR.

jū*i*′ çȳ	*h*ŏn′ ĕst	grāp*e*s
bē̤ lŏng*e*d′	sīd*e*′ wa̤*l*k	bo̅ot′ blă*c*k

A ripe, juicy pear had rolled off a fruit stand, and was lying upon the sidewalk.

One little hand was reaching for it.

Two bright eyes were looking at the pear.

They belonged to Tim, the bootblack.

"That is a fine pear," he said.

"I'll get it when the man isn't looking."

Just then a gentleman walked up to the fruit stand.

"Now is my time," said Tim, and he picked it up.

"You are a beauty," he said, "and I'll take you home to Kitty.

How her eyes will shine when she sees you.

She will say, 'O, Tim, how good you are! Where did you get that pear?'

And then what shall I say?

She will be sorry if I tell her where I got it. I must give it back to the man, for Kitty will say it is his."

So Tim walked slowly to the fruit stand.

"Here is one of your pears," he said. "It fell off the stand."

"You may keep it," said the man.

Tim said, "Thank you," and was running away, when the gentleman called to him.

"Come here, my boy," he said. "I saw you pick up that pear. Why did you wait so long before you gave it back?"

"I wanted it for Kitty, sir; but I gave it back. You saw me."

"I am glad to say that I did," said the gentleman. "I hope you will not be so slow about doing right the next time.

Now tell me about Kitty."

"She is my little sister, sir, and she is lame.

She wants me to be honest, and that is why I remembered that the pear wasn't mine."

"Take these grapes to Kitty for me," said the gentleman.

"I am glad you have such a sister, and hope you always will be honest."

"Thank you; I will try to be," said Tim, and he ran home and told his little sister about it.

Kitty was pleased with the pear and the grapes.

"But, dear Tim," she said, "I am most pleased because my brother was honest."

The birds can sing,
  The birds are singing;
The bells will ring,
  The bells are ringing;
The winds must blow,
  The winds are blowing;
The flowers grow,
  The flowers are growing.

MR. WHITTIER'S BIRTHDAY.

brô*ugh*t smạ̤l*l*′ ĕst frē*e*′ dȯm
rḗ mĕm′ bẽr*e*d

The children remembered Mr. Whittier's birthday.

They kept the day for the first time in 1887.

Can you tell how old he was on that birthday?

Many people showed him how much they loved him.

Why do you think they loved him?

I think it was because he loved everything that God has made.

His poems were full of love and freedom.

Mr. Whittier died in September, 1892.

The people felt that a friend had gone from them.

The children in Danvers came together to show their love for him.

"We know he loved us," they said.

"His smile was full of love for us.

We shall never forget his kind face."

The children in Amesbury brought flowers to show their love for their dear friend.

A beautiful life helps everybody.

FLOWER DOLLS.

pŏp′ pĭe̱s̱ ā′ co̯rns̱ făm′ ĭ lў hănd′ fu̥l
trŭṉk tȳ′ ĭng blād*e* săsh
năs tûr′ ti̯ŭm
(sh)

"Oh, dear!" said Helen, "I don't know what to play. I wish I had brought my dolls and my tea-set. I wish to have a party.

Mamma said they would take too much room in the trunk, and I have only one doll with me. I am tired of playing with her."

"How many dolls should you like?" said Aunt Jessie.

"Oh! ever so many! so that I might have a party."

"Very well," said Aunt Jessie, "come into the garden with me."

Helen put on her big hat, and they went into the garden.

Aunt Jessie went first to a bed of poppies, and gathered a handful of the bright blossoms.

Then she and Helen found a seat upon a stone under an oak tree.

Aunt Jessie took one of the poppies and turning back the petals, tied a blade of grass about them for a sash.

She then broke off a piece of the stem, and put it through the petals to make arms.

"Oh, what a funny little doll!" said Helen.

"See, auntie, it can stand alone. I can make one now."

Soon she had a large family, with bright colored dresses.

"This flat stone will be a good place for the party," said Aunt Jessie.

"Go pick some nasturtium leaves, Helen. They are flat and will do for plates.

Take some large currants off the stem, and the dolls may have them for apples."

When Helen came back, Aunt Jessie had made a little teapot for her.

It was a cherry with the stem turned over, and put into it at one side for a handle, and another piece of stem formed the nose.

Helen was so much pleased with it that she made one for each of the dolls.

Aunt Jessie made some cups and saucers from acorns, and Helen played with her dolls all the afternoon.

Pretty little flower folks,
In the garden beds;
Gentle dews to bathe them—
See them nod their heads—
Busy bees to visit them;
Birdlings full of glee:
Do you love your garden home,
Or will you come with me?

FLOWER FAIRIES.

stĕm swā*y*′ mo͞on mŏth
fȧs*t*′ *ene*d bē*e*t′ l*e* frĕsh fĩrm′ lў

That night, after Helen had gone to bed, she thought of her poppy dolls.

"Dear me!" said she, "the poor things are still out there on the stone.

I wish I had stood them up in a dish of water.

It is good for them to have their feet wet. I wish it were good for me, for then I should not take cold so easily.

I am very sorry that I forgot them."

She soon fell asleep and this is what she saw in her dreams.

When the moon and stars came out it was quite light in the garden.

The poppy dolls began to move about.

"We never could do this before," they said. "It is better than being fastened to a stem."

The fireflies came to see the poppies.

"How strange you look!" they said.

"I wish we could fly about as you do. I should like to go back to our home in the flower bed," said a pink poppy.

"I will find a beetle," said the firefly, "and he will let you ride upon his back."

He flew away, but soon came back with a large beetle.

"Do not fall off when I spread my under wings," said the beetle.

The pink poppy held on firmly, and soon reached her old home.

She stood upon a large leaf and told the other poppies what a good time she had been having.

They did not know her, at first, but thought she was some bright moth.

"Do you like to have your petals turned back?" they asked.

"Yes, if I could go to sleep; but I cannot close them now."

"Well, we must close ours," said the others, and soon the pink poppy was left alone.

The beetle took her back to the poppy dolls, and Helen found them all there the next morning.

The dew had kept them fresh.

Who can tell what the flowers do,
In the misty, soft moonlight?
When the breezes whisper, they gently sway,
As if they wished they might fly away,
Out into the quiet night.

CARL IN THE COUNTRY.

hăm′ mo͡ck flēe′ çy̆
çĭr′ rŭs strā′ tŭs
fôrm*e*d flō*a*t

One day in July, Carl was taken to Miss Leslie's home in the country.

He had never been so happy.

He would lie on the soft grass for hours, and watch the butterflies and bees among the flowers.

He had never seen them before.

Miss Leslie's father hung a hammock in the garden, so that Carl might be among the flowers.

Some tall lilies grew close beside the hammock, where Carl could reach them.

Miss Leslie found him looking up into the sky, one afternoon.

"What clouds do you see to-day, Carl?" she asked.

"There are some small, fleecy clouds in the sky now," said Carl.

"They look like soft feathers."

Miss Leslie looked up into the sky.

"Those are called cirrus clouds," she said.

"The cirrus clouds float very high."

"Sometimes they look like long, snowy wreaths," said Carl.

"I watched them one day until they faded away, and another time they came together and formed a big cloud.

I saw another cloud last night at sunset. It was very low, and looked like a soft, white belt."

"That was a stratus cloud," said Miss Leslie.

"The setting sun made it beautiful," said Carl. "At first it was pink, and then it turned to purple.

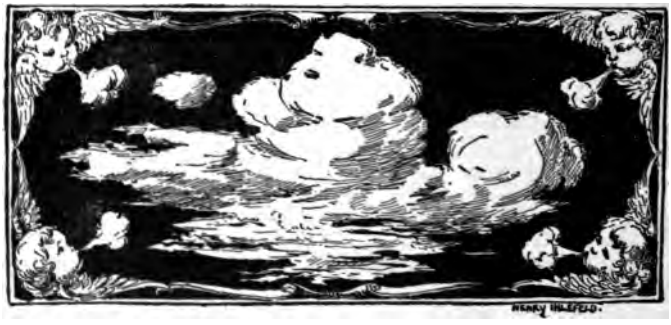
I think I shall remember the clouds now.

The one that looks like a castle is the cumulus.

The big rain cloud is nimbus.

A stratus cloud is the long, soft one I see at sunset, and these pretty, snowy wreaths are the cirrus clouds."

Read Longfellow's "Rain in Summer."



Săn′ tȧ Cla̤*u*s̤ chĭm′ n*e*y̆ ĭn vīt*e*′

12—2R sle*igh* (ā) trĭm*me*d

WALTER'S CHRISTMAS TREE.

bôrn drĕss*e*d shout′ ĕd
dĭn′ nĕr pär′ lo̯r

Walter was going to have a Christmas party this year.

His birthday came on Christmas day, and he was a Christmas present to his papa and mamma.

"I think people fo̭rget it is my birthday," he said.

"They think only of its being Christmas. May I have a real Christmas party?"

"Yes, you shall," said mamma, "and Santa Claus shall be there."

Walter thought that would be fun.

"Whom shall you invite?" asked mamma.

Walter thought for a little while, and then he said, "I want it to be a real Christmas party, and I think I shall ask some poor boys who have no Christmas."

"I am very glad that you think so," said mamma. "I should like to have you do that.

You may invite seven children, for you will be seven years old, and we will have a Christmas tree for them."

Walter and his mother were very busy, the week before Christmas.

Walter invited Tim and Kitty to come to the party.

He invited a bootblack and two little boys who sold newspapers.

His mother knew a poor woman who had two children, and he invited them to come.

He told them all to be ready at three o'clock and he would come for them.

At three o'clock Santa Claus drove down the street.

He was dressed in fur and his sleigh was trimmed with evergreen.

Walter was with him to show him where the children lived.

How they shouted when they saw Santa Claus!

They were soon in the sleigh, and as happy as they could be.

"Have you given away all your presents, Santa Claus?" said Tim.

"He left something at my house for you," said Walter. "He said your mother's fire was so hot that he couldn't go down the chimney."

The boys shouted again.

They had a fine sleigh ride, and when they came into the house they found a good dinner ready for them.

After dinner Walter took them into the parlor, and there was a beautiful Christmas tree.

It was covered with lighted candles and presents.

How happy the children were, and how their eyes shone!

Each one had a present, and a box of candy and nuts, to take home.

They laughed and danced with joy.

After the presents were given out, Walter's mother told them about the Christ child, who was born so many years ago.

"It is His birthday, you know," she said, "and we wish it to be a happy day for every one.

You can each help make some one happy, if you will try."

"So we will," said one of the boys. "Let's give our candy and nuts away."

All the boys and girls said they could do that.

"Santa Claus shall take you to ride, and you may leave them on your way home," said Walter's mamma.

"I shall give mine to Mary Brown," said Kitty.

Each of the children soon thought of some one who had nothing for Christmas.

So they gave their candy away and helped some other children to have a happy Christmas.

"A merry, merry Christmas!"
The little people say.
"We wish you all a happy time
Upon this Christmas day.

Just try to help each other;
Do all you can for mother;
Then Christmas will be merry,
And your hearts be light and gay."

A MORNING CALL.

cŏt′ tā̇ġ*e*	wo͝od′ *e*n	Ĕm′ ĭ lў
Grā′ *h*a̯m	găth′ ẽr*e*d	bŭnch

Ethel was visiting her aunt Emily.

Near her aunt's house was a little brown cottage.

There were vines upon it, and Ethel thought it was very pretty.

"I wish I might have that little house to play in," she said. "It is so little that my dolls would feel at home, I know.

These rooms are too large for them. Who lives there, auntie?"

"The cottage belongs to an old lady whose name is Mrs. Graham," said her aunt.

"She lives there all alone. Some day you shall go to see her."

One morning Ethel was taken to visit Mrs. Graham.

"Ethel likes your little house very much," said her aunt. "She thinks it is just right for her and her dolls."

The old lady laughed. "Bring your dolls here whenever you like," said she. "I had a little girl once who used to play here with her dolls."

"Where is she now?" asked Ethel.

"She is a lady now, and has a little girl of her own."

"What is her little girl's name?" said Ethel.

"Annie. She comes here sometimes; but she doesn't care to play in the house very often. She has a little playhouse down by the brook. You can see it from this window."

Ethel ran to the window and saw a little wooden shed.

"May I go into it?" she asked.

"Yes, indeed; and here is Annie's little basket.

You may take it with you, and see if you can find anything to put into it."

Ethel was pleased with the playhouse, and found some playthings there. A little wooden cradle, with a rag baby in it, stood at one side.

After playing there for some time, Ethel went down to the side of the brook.

There she found some blue violets growing beside the water.

"I will put you into my basket," she said. "I know the old lady's little girl used to pick violets when she played here."

She carried them into the house,

when her basket was full, and gave them to Mrs. Graham.

"What pretty violets!" she said. "My little girl loved them, and used to pick them for me. You must take them home."

"No," said Ethel; "they are for you to keep."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Graham. "I will keep them if you will pick some more for yourself."

So Ethel ran down to the brook again, and gathered a bunch to carry home.

She often went to see the old lady after this, and played with her dolls in the playhouse.

Read Longfellow's "The Boy and the Brook."

THE following poems may be read to the children n conneetion with the reading lessons:

LONGFELLOW:

DAYBREAK.
SNOWFLAKES.
CHRISTMAS BELLS.
THE WINDMILL.
FLOWERS.
MAIDEN AND WEATHERCOCK.
THE EMPEROR'S BIRDNEST.
THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAI
THE BROOK AND THE WAVE.
PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

WHITTIER:

THE FROST SPIRIT.
BARBARA FRIETCHIE.
A DREAM OF SUMMER.
THE PUMPKIN.
THE MAYFLOWERS.
THE HILLTOP.
KATHLEEN.
TO MY OLD SCHOOLMASTER.

WORD LIST.

The following is an alphabetical list of the words used in this Reader.

This word list can be made the basis of a great variety of exercises in correct pronunciation, distinct enunciation, rapid spelling, language lessons, and review work.

ȧ bȯv*e*′	ȧn ȯth′ẽr	bănd
ā′co̤rn (ŭ)	ăn′s*w*ẽr*e*d	băn̲k
ȧft ẽr nōōn′	ăn′vĭl	băn′nẽrs̲
ȧft′ẽr wa̤rds̲ (ẽ)	ăp pē*a*r′	bâr*e*′fo͝ot
ȧ ga̤inst′ (ĕ)	ȧ round′	bärk
ȧ gō′	ȧ shām*e*d′	bär*r*ed
ä*h*	ăs′tẽr	băt
ȧ hĕ*a*d′	ăt′mŏs phēr*e*	bāth*e*
ȧ kĭn′	ăt tĕmpt′ĕd	bē*a*ns̲
ȧ lẽrt′	ăt′tĭc	be*â*rs̲
ȧ līv*e*′	ăt trăct′	bē*a*st
ȧ lōn*e*′	ạ*u*′tŭm*n*	bē*a*t
ạl′wȧ*y*s̲	ạ*we*	be*a*ū′tў
ān′ġĕl		bė cạ*u*s̲*e*′
ăn̲′grў	băl′la̤d	bė cȯm*e*′

bēe′tle
bēets
bĕg
bē̇ gŭn′
bē̇ hīnd′
bĕl*l*
bĕl′lȯ*w*s
bē̇ lŏng*e*d′
bē̇ lō*w*′
bĕlt
bē̇ spōk*e*′
bĕt′tẽr
bē̇ twē*e*n′
bē̇ yŏnd′
bĩrch
bĩrd′lĭng
bĩrth′plāç*e*
bīt*e*
blăck′smĭth
blād*e*
blām*e*
blăn̲′kĕt
blĕss′ĕd
blĕss′ĭng
blīnd

blo͞om
blō*w*n
blū*e*
bŏn′nĕt
bo͞ot
bo͞ot′blăck
bôr′dẽr
bôrn
bōth
bou*gh*s̱
bound
bound′lĕss
bow′wow
boy′ho͝od
brȧnch ĕs̱
brāv*e*
bra̤*w*n′y̆
brīd*e*
brĭ*dġe*
brĭm
brĭng
bro̤ad
brōk*e*
bro͝ok′lĕt
brȯth′ẽr

brô*ugh*t
bŭnch
bûrn′ĭng
bụsh′y̆
bṳs̱′ĭ ly̆
(ı)
bṳs̱′y̆
(ı)

cȧ cho͞o′
căc′kl*e*
ca̤l*l*′ĭng
cā′ly̆x
cȧ no̤*e*′
câr*e*′fụl
cȧ rĕss′ĕs̱
căr′ry̆ ĭng
căs′*t*l*e*
çē′da̤r
çē′da̤rn
çĕl*l*
çĕn′tẽr
chȧf*f*
châ*i*r
chānġ*e*d
chās*e*
chē*a*p

chēer
chĕr′rў
chĕst′nŭt
chiēf
chĭll
chĭm′neў
chĭn
choīr
(w)
chōke
chōōs̱e
chŏp
chûrch
çĭr′rŭs
clȧss
cla̤ws̱
clēar
clēar′lў
clĕv′ẽr
clī′mȧte
clīmb
clīme
clōak
clŏck
clōs̱ed
clŏth

clŭcked
clŭng
clŭs′tẽr
cōal
cōast′ĭng
cōat
cŏc′kle
cŏl′lĕġe
cŏm pâred′
cōne
cŏn sȱ lā′tiȯn
(sh)
cŏn′trǡ rў
cŏn trīv′ĭng
cōōn
cȱ rŏl′lȧ
cŏt′tǡġe
coŭn′trĭes̱
crăck
crā′dle
crēep
crĕst′ĕd
crīed
crĭsp
crōw
crown

crṳ′ĕl
crŭst
crȳ′ĭng
cūbe
cū′mū̇ lŭs
cûrl′ў
cŭr′ra̤nt
cûr′taĭn

dâred
dăsh
da̤ugh′tẽr
dēed
dē̇ līght′ĕd
dĕs̱′ẽrt
dew
(ū)
dīed
dĭg
dĭm
dĭm′ples̱
dĭs′ta̤nçe
dōor′stĕp
dŏt
douse
dra̤w′ĭng

drạ*w*n
drĕ*a*d
drē*a*m*e*d
drē*a*r′ў
drĭft
drŏps
drown
dŭg
dŭl*l*

ē*a*r
ẽ*a*rnṣ
ẽ*a*rth
ē*a*ṣ′ĭ lў
ē*a*st′ẽrn
ĕch′ōeṣ
ė̄ clĭps*e*′
ĕ*d*ġ′ĕṣ
ė̄ n*o*ŭgh′ (f)
ĕn′tẽr*e*d
er*e* (ā)
ė̄ rĕct′
ĕs chew′ĭng (ū)
ē′v*e*n ĭng
ĕv′ẽr grē*e*n

ĕx prĕs*s*′
eyes (ĭz)

fāç*e*
fād′ĕd
fā*i*l*e*d
fâ*i*r
fạl*l*′*e*n
făm′ĭ lў
fâr*e* wĕl*l*′
fȧs′*te*n*e*d
fẽrnṣ
fīn*e*
fĭṉ′gẽrṣ
fĩr
fĩrm′lў
fĩrst
flām′ĭng
flăp
flăt
flăt′t*e*n*e*d
flĕck
flē*e*′çў
flew (ū)
flĭt′tĭng

flō*a*t
flŏck′ĭng
floun′dẽr*e*d
flō*w*
flō*w*n
flŭf*f*′ў
fŏl′lō̇*w*
fŏr′ĕst
fŏr ĕv′ẽr
fōrġ*e*
fŏr ḡĕt′
fŏr lôrn′
fōrth
fôr′tū̇n*e*
foun′t*a*ĭn
frā′grạnt
frē*e*
frē*e*′dȯm
frĕsh′ĕst
fr*i*ĕnd
frŏst
frown
frō′z*e*n
frụ*i*t
fûr

fū′tūr*e*

gāl*e*
gāt*e*
gāz′ĭng
gē*es*e
ġĕn′tl*e* mạn
glăd′nĕs*s*
glȧs*s*
glē*e*
glō′rȳ
glȯv*e*
glō*w*
*g*nạ*w*
gō*a*t
gōld
grāp*es*
grāt*e*′fụl
grāv*e*
grē*e*t′ĭng
grew
(ū)
ground
grōv*e*
growl
ḡuĕst

hâ*ir*
hăm′mẽr
hăm′mọck
hănd′fụl
hạn′dl*e*
hăp′pĭ ẽr
härd′*e*n*e*d
härd′lȳ
härm
hās′*te*n
hăt*c*h*e*d
hāt*e*
hạ*w*k
hĕ*a*d
hĕ*a*lth
hē*a*p
hē*a*r
hẽ*a*rd
h*e*ärt
hē*a*t
hĕ*a*v′*e*n
hĕ*a*v′ȳ
hē păt′ĭ cȧ
hẽr sĕlf′
hīnd

hĭs tŏr′ĭc
hōld
hōl*e*
hō′lĭ ẽr
hŏl′lō*w*
*h*ŏn′ĕst
hŏŏd
hōōf
hŏŏk
hŏŏk*e*d
hound
house
house′hōld
howl
hŭn′grȳ
hŭnt
hŭr′rȳ

ĭn dē*e*d′
ĭn vīt*e*′
ī′ron
(ūrn)

jä*u*n′tȳ
jā*y*
join*e*d

joy
jū*i*'çĕṣ
jū*i*'çy̆

kĭn
kĭng'dȯm
kĭs*s*
*k*nŏ*w*l'ĕ*d*ġ*e*

lā'bĕl
lăd'dĕr
lām*e*
lăp
lär'ġĕr
lär'ġĕst
lȧs*s*
lāt*e*
lāt'ẽr
läugh
(f)
lạ*w*n
lā*y*ṣ
lĕ*a*d
lē*a*d'ẽr
lẽ*a*rn*e*d
lĕft

lĕs'*s*on
lī*e*
lī*f*e
lĭft
lī'lạc
līn*e*
lĭs'*te*n*e*d
lō*a*d
lŏcks
lōn*e*'ly̆
lōōn
lŏst

mā*i*d
mā*i*d'*e*n
măn'si*o*n
(sh)
mȧs'tẽr
Mā*y*' pōl*e*
mē*a*n
mĕ*a*s'ūr*e*d
(zh)
mē*e*k
mĕlt
mĕr'ry̆
mĕs'sȧġ*e*
mī*gh*t'y̆

mīld
mĭn'ụt*e*s
(f)
mĭs'*si*on
(sh)
mĭs spĕl*l*'
mĭs'trĕs*s*
mĭst'y̆
mŏ*c*k'ĭng
mois'*te*n ĭng
mois'tūr*e*
mōl*e*
mȯn'*e*y̆
mȯṇk
mȯnth
mōōn
mŏth
moun'*ta*ĭn
mŭg
mûr'mŭr*e*d
mŭs'*cl*eṣ
mū'ṣĭc
mỹr'ĭ ạd
mỹ sĕlf'
mỹs'tĭ cạl

nā*i*l

nā′kĕd
năp
năr′rō̇*w*
năs tûr′ti̯ŭm (sh)
nā′tū̇r*e*
na̤*ugh*′tў
nē*e*′dl*e*
ne̯w̯s̱′pā·pẽr (ū)
nĕxt
nĭm′bŭs
nīn*e*′tē*e*n
nȯn*e*
nōōn
nôrth

ō*a*r
ō′ce̯a̯n (sh)
ō’clŏck′
ŏf′*te*n
o̯nç*e* (wȯ)
ōn′lў
ŏn′wa̯rd
ō′pen*e*d
ôr′cha̯rd
ō′rĭ ōle

our sĕlve̯s̱′
ō*we*s̱

pā*i*n′lĕs*s*
pâ*i*r
pāl*e*
p̣ān*e*
păn′s̱ў
păn tȧ lōōn′
pär′çĕl
păr′rȯt
pär′s*o*n
pärt
pȧst
păt′tẽr
pe*â*r
pē*a*s̱
pĕck*e*d
pẽr plĕx*e*d′
pĕt
pĕt′a̯l
p*i*ēç*e*
pīl*e*d
pĭl′lō̇*w*
pīn*e*

pĭs′tĭl
pĭt′ў
plă*i*d
plā*i*n
plĕ*a*s̱′a̯nt
plŭ*c*k
pō′ĕm
pō′ĕt
pois̱′ĭng
pōl*e*
pŏnd
pŏp′pĭe̯s̱
pōrch
pound
prā*i*s̱*e*
prā*y*
prē*a*ch
proud
*p*sä*l*m
pûr′pl*e*
pụsh*e*d

quă*c*k
quāk*e*
quē*e*n

quēer
quĕll
quĕs'tiȯn
(ah)
quīte

rāçe
răḡ
rāin'bōw
răp
răt'tle
rēach
rēad
rĕad'ȳ
rēa'ṣon
rein'dēer
(ā)
rē joiçe'
rė mĕm'bẽr
rė pēat'
rė pōṣe'
rĕst
rĭdġed
rīght
rōad
rōam
rōar

rōde
rōll
rōōf
rōpe
roŭgh
(f)
round
rouṣe
rōwṣ
rŭb
rule
rŭsh

săd'nĕss
săng
săsh
sāved
scârçe'lȳ
scär'lĕt
scăt'tẽred
scowl
scrēen
sēat'ĕd
sē'crĕt
sĕlf
sĕll

sĕnse
sē'pal
sĕx'tȯn
shād'ȳ
shāped
shĕd
shĕl'tẽred
shĭp
shoe
shoŏk
shōre
shôrt
shōul'dẽr
shout'ĕd
shȯve
shōw
shrīēk'ĭng
shŭt
sīde'walk
sīgh
sīght
sĭl'vẽr
sĭn'ew ȳ
(ū)
sĭnk'ĭng
sĭs'tẽrs

skĩrt
skȳ
ṡlĕ*dġe*
sle̥i*gh*
(ā)
slĕn′dẽr
slĭp
slō*w*′lў
sma̤l*l*′ĕst
smĕl*le*d
smīl*e*
smĭth′ў
snē*eze*
snŭf*f*
sō*a*r
sōld
sŏl′ĕm*n*
sŏm′bẽr
sȯn
sŏng
sŏr′rō*w* ĭng
sound
sour
soṳs*e*
spāç*e*
spâre

spärks
spĕ*c*′kl*e*d
spĕl*l*′ĭng
spĕnd′ĭng
sphēr*e*
spȯnġ*e*
spo͞on
sprĕ*a*d
stâ*i*r
stā′mĕn
stär*re*d
stärt′ĕd
stā*ye*d
stĕm
stĕp
stŏ*c*k′ĭng
stōl*e*
sto͝od
stō′rĭe̤s
strā*igh*t
strānġ*e*
strā′tŭs
stra̤*w*
strē*e*t
strīk*e*s

strŏng
strŭg′glĭng
stŭd′ў
sŭm′mȯn ĭng
sŭng
sŭn′sĕt
sŭp′pẽr
sŭp pōs̤*e*′
sûr prīs̤*e*d′
swa̤l′lȯ*w*
swăm
swā*y*
swĕ*a*t
swĭft′lў
swĭng
swŭng

tā*i*l
ta̤*l*k
ta̤l*l*′ĕst
tām*e*
tăn
tȧsk
ta̤*ugh*t
tē*a*ch′ẽr

tē*a*r
tē*a*′ sĕt
tĕn′dẽr
thēs̱*e*
thĭ*c*k
th*i*ēf
thĭn
thĭng
thrĕsh′ĭng
thre(ū)w
thrōn*e*
thrō*w*
thŭm*b*
thŭn′dẽr
tĭm′ĭd
tĭp*pe*d
tīr*e*d
tō*a*d
tōes̱
toil′ĭng
tōn*e*
tōōth
tŏp
tôr′t*o*ĭs*e*
tŏs*se*d

t*o*ŭch
tō′wa̯rds̱
town
trī*e*d
trĭm*me*d
tr*o*ŭ′bl*e*
trout
tru̯*e*
tru̯th
tŭ*c*k*e*d
tūn*e*s̱
tûrn*e*d
twĕlv*e*

ŭn dẽr nē*a*th′
ŭn dẽr stănd′
ŭn fōld′ĕd

văl′l*e*y̆
văn′ĭsh*e*d
ve(ā)il
vīn*e*s̱
vĭs̱′ĭt
voiç*e*

wād*e*
wăg*ge*d
wā*i*t′ĕd
wa̯*l*k*e*d
wa̯rm
wē*e*k
wei(ā)*gh*
wĕl′cȯm*e*
wĕl*l*
wĕt
whĕn e′(ā)er′
whĭch
whīl*e*
whĭp
whĭs′pẽr*e*d
whĭs′*t*l*e*
whĭth′ẽr
whō*a*
*w*hōl*e*
*w*ho̯m
wīld
wĭl′lō*w*
wīnd′ĭng
wĭng
wĭn̲k

wĭn′tẽr
wīpes
wīre
wĭs̱′dȯm
wīs̱e
wĭth ĭn′
wọm′a̯n
wȯn′dẽr
wo͝od′chŭck
wo͝od′en

wo̯rds̱
(ů)
wo̯rk
(ů)
wo̯rld
(ů)
wo̯rse
(ů)
wo̯rth′ y̆
(ů)
wound
*w*răp*pe*d
*w*rē*a*th
*w*rĭt′ten
*w*rŏng

*w*rōte
*w*rô*ugh*t

yē
yĕs′tẽr dȧ*y*
y*o*ŭng
y*o*ŭn̲′ḡĕst
y*o*ūth

Proper Names, etc.

Ȧ dâ*ir*′
Ăl′bẽrt
Ălps
Ame*s̱*′bu̯r y̆
(ĕ)
Är′thu̯r

Bĕs′sĭ*e*
Bō*w*′d*oi*n
Brĭn̲k′ẽr

Cām′brĭ*dġe*

Cärl
Chärle*s̱*
Chrīst
Cŭd′dl*e*

Dăn′vẽrs̱
Dā′vĭd
Dē çĕm′bẽr

Ĕl′sȧ
Ĕm′ĭ ly̆

Ĕth′ĕl

Fĕb′rụ ǡ ry̆
Flŏr′ĕnç*e*
Frī′dȧ*y*

Ġe*ôrġe*
Gŏd
Grā′*h*a̯m
Grēen′lē*a*f

Häns
Hăr′o̯ld
Hăr′rў
Här′va̯rd
Hā′vẽr *h*ĭl*l*
Hĕn′rў
Hĭ ȧ wä′thȧ

Jă*c*k Frŏst
Jū̆ lȳ′

Kȧ tri̯n*e*′
(ē)

Lĕs′lĭ*e*
Lŏng′fĕl lō̆*w*

Mā*i*n*e*·
Märch
Măr′ĭ ŏn
Măs*s* ȧ chū′sĕt*t*s
Mĭl′drĕd

Nĕl′lў

Ō*a*k *K*nōl*l*

Păr′ȧ dīs*e*
Phē′bē̆
Pōrt′la̯nd

Rĕd Rīd′ĭng·
hŏ̆ŏd
Ru̯th

Săn′tȧ Cla̯*u*s̯
Sĕp tĕm′bẽr
Spĕc′kl*e*
Sŭn′dȧ̆*y*

Tĭm
Tŏm

Wa̯l′tẽr
Wa̯sh′ĭng tȯn
Whĭt′tĭ ẽr

Häns
Hăr′o̯ld
Hăr′rў
Här′va̯rd
Hā′vẽr *h*ĭl*l*
Hĕn′rў
Hĭ ȧ wä′thȧ

Jă*c*k Frŏst
Jū̆ lȳ′

Kȧ tri̯n*e*′
(ē)

Lĕs′lĭ*e*
Lŏng′fĕl lō̆*w*

Mā*i*n*e*·
Märch
Măr′ĭ ŏn
Măs*s* ȧ chū′sĕt*t*s
Mĭl′drĕd

Nĕl′lў

Ō*a*k *K*nōl*l*

Păr′ȧ dīs*e*
Phē′bē̆
Pōrt′la̯nd

Rĕd Rīd′ĭng·
hŏ̆ŏd
Ru̯th

Săn′tȧ Cla̯*u*s̯
Sĕp tĕm′bẽr
Spĕc′kl*e*
Sŭn′dȧ̆*y*

Tĭm
Tŏm

Wa̯l′tẽr
Wa̯sh′ĭng tȯn
Whĭt′tĭ ẽr

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